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THE YOUNGER HAWTHORNE.

WHEN in 1864 the pen dropped from the tired hand of Nathaniel Hawthorne it was realized all too plainly that America's greatest novelist had passed away. There is, to a certain extent, an absolute standard of genius, and it is by such a standard that the elder Hawthorne will be judged.

The world at large is rather harsh in its judgment of great men's children. By some peculiar paradox we look for the heredity of genius, but in striving to discover it we proceed upon the assumption that genius is not capable of inheritance—that it is a kind of life estate, and dies with the last possessor. The fact that one's father was eminent in a particular line may procure him a hearing, but his position will be difficult to hold.

Under such disadvantages, Julian Hawthorne, in 1874, published "Idolatry," a book which in certain respects has hardly been equaled by any of his subsequent work. The

critics, for want of a more rational interpretation, proceeded forthwith to discover resemblances between the younger writer and the author of the "Scarlet Letter." Indeed, these were not far to seek. There was something of the keen introspection, of the morbid element, of the subjective analysis of Nathaniel Hawthorne; all of which was no doubt highly gratifying to those who found an opportunity for the exercise of their literary acumen in such a search. But the author was treading on rather dangerous ground, and it is not unlikely that he realized this. At all events he thenceforth adopted another vein. It is barely possible that without a title page "Idolatry" might be mistaken for the work of Nathaniel Hawthorne, a thing utterly impossible with anything that his son has written since. I do not mean to say that the younger writer shows no evidence of his parentage—he does so in a marked degree, and there are many parts of his writings where the influence of Nathaniel Hawthorne is visible in every line; but taken altogether his later writings have a distinct individuality that can in no way be confounded with his father's.

After all, the sooner we come to judge a writer by his own work the better. It is a cheap criticism that confines itself to resemblances and contrasts and influences. It is certainly distasteful to the writer and it accomplishes nothing. Mr. Richard Harding Davis, whose star occupies just now such a prominent place in the firmament, and who is the son of Rebecca Harding Davis, is a very good example of a writer who can be and is rationally studied without constantly recurring to infantine and quite possibly pre-natal influences.

"Idolatry" had been preceded by "Bressant," a rather strong work. The original manuscript had been lost in the mails, and the book was twice re-written before publication. The ending, whatever may be its artistic excellence, is a little unsatisfactory. In this novel Mr. Hawthorne shows the first trace of a characteristic which will be taken as a mark of power or of weakness, according to the reader's

own idea. It is a tendency—I should hardly like to use a stronger term—that bids fair to become the distinctive mark of a good deal of the ephemeral fiction of the day; a tendency, that is, towards what some would call cynicism. I would not be understood as comparing the *motif* of some of Mr. Hawthorne's writings with the childish cynicism of Edgar Saltus and his school. The author of "The Pace That Kills" is cynical, not because he leaves his readers with a distrust in human nature—Shakespeare often does this—not because he makes evil triumph and good rush madly to self-destruction—so does Shakespeare—but because the real teaching of his writings is that love and honor and truth are, after all, getting to be rather antiquated. The time is past, he would say, when a well-bred man went down on his knees to declare his love, or rode post haste over fifty miles of villainous highway to bid his mistress good-bye. All this, says Mr. Saltus, is very bad form. Of course, marriages must continue, for there is a traditional prejudice in their favor, and the world approves of the institution; besides which (though this a less cogent reason) the race must be perpetuated. Marry then, and with circumspection; it is even allowable to discuss the matter to a certain extent, but you must do it in a gentlemanly way. After the ladies have retired, and the cigars are out, it is quite permissible to talk over one's matrimonial arrangements; and if the dinner has been particularly fine, and the claret up to the mark, you may, if you are discreet, commend her beauty, her ancestry and her probable qualifications as a hostess. And, if the object of your affections happens to have gone through the marriage ceremony with one of your acquaintances, why, so much the more interesting for my story.

This is the doctrine of Mr. Saltus and his school. Of course he does not state it so boldly as this; he puts it forth with all the adroitness of a cynical and clever man. The reader's first reflection is that he has been reading a brilliant story, but when the glamour has worn away, or been

dispelled by a ten minutes' walk in the open air, he wonders whether the writer has just graduated from college or is troubled with indigestion. In one case his condition excites our merriment, in the other a pity that is not akin to love.

This digression arose from the statement that in "Bresant" Mr. Hawthorne shows the beginning of a tendency towards cynicism. Perhaps that word is not accurate. I know not how better to describe it than by reference to what some have been pleased to regard as the cynicism of Thackeray. To those who regard Thackeray as a cynic, no qualification of the term is necessary. But many of us would protest most earnestly against applying such an epithet to the genial writer whose kindly heart was so incapable of malice that he could never cherish any resentment against the blackleg who won away his fortune in early life, and who may have been the original of Lord Deuceace. Thackeray's prevailing tone is the playful, good humor of a man who finds the world a fairly good sort of a place, with plenty of faults and a sprinkling of vice; of a man who recognizes that it is for the most part *vanitas vanitatum*, but who has sense enough to know that its reformation is too large a task for one man to undertake.

Julian Hawthorne is a great admirer of Thackeray, and has caught something of this spirit of his. You can see it in his pictures of town life, in the multitude of characters, in the complexity of the plot, in the good-natured raillery which runs through it all.

"Saxon Studies" consists of a series of papers on life in Dresden. It is in such work that Mr. Hawthorne is in his happiest vein, and it is not improbable that this book will outlast a good deal of his fiction. Its publication so exasperated some of the good people of Dresden as to call forth a blast from one of their newspapers, in which the critic smites this "bumptious American," as he terms him, with all the virulence of an infuriated Teuton. "This review,"



says Mr. Hawthorne, "amply repaid him for the trouble of writing the book."

"Garth," which is the writer's most elaborate work, was published as a serial in *Harper's Magazine*. In this book, as in the "Ordeal of Richard Feverel," the hero is brought up on a "system," and upon his introduction to womankind promptly proceeds to fall in love; but in the English novel, to the disappointment, I suspect, of many of its readers, he never advances beyond this, but marries the idol of his youth,—a marriage which by his own faithlessness brings misery and death in its train. Garth, on the contrary, finds a woman worthy of him only after he is engaged to another. Garth's love for Eleanor is of an infinitely higher quality than the ardent affection of Richard Feverel. And this is where the American work so far surpasses the English one; for there is something more than affection in romantic love: it proceeds from the soul as well as the heart, and in a finely touched nature like Garth's there must be an affinity to constitute the highest form of love. This Mr. Hawthorne brings out and George Meredith does not.

"Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds" and "Archibald Malmaison" followed "Garth." The author's fame will hardly rest on the former work, but "Archibald Malmaison" displays a power that no American writer has shown since Edgar Allen Poe. The horror of the story is intensified by the free and easy manner of its narration.

In 1879, "Sebastian Strome" was published as a serial in England. This, in the writer's opinion, is Mr. Hawthorne's strongest work. He has never written what would be called a religious novel, but the teaching of all of his more serious fiction is a distinctly religious one—of the utter futility of all morality without a distinctly spiritual basis. This, as he avows, is the teaching of "Fortune's Fool." It is the teaching of "Sebastian Strome." Sebastian is a young divinity student who has fallen into dissolute habits. Not when he has seen the girl he has ruined, dead in childbirth, and his father lying killed by a locomotive in a

journey taken on her account, not even then does he fall to the lowest depths of self-abnegation. Finally, however, so low does he consider his moral stature to be, that, having sold everything he has, to pay his gambling debts, he goes to live in the slums of London—not as one on missionary errands bent, nor for sweet charity's sake, but he takes his way to mingle as one of them with the vilest classes of London, never to return. He has come to utterly despise himself and to believe that there only will he find the companionship which he deserves. Of course he is finally convinced of the fatuity of his fanatical resolve, but I hardly recall a more powerful portrayal of the utter and unspeakable wretchedness which can ask for no sympathy from Heaven or earth.

And this element of the problems of the individual soul—this it is which is the keynote of the author's main work. The human soul is a thing of more transcendent interest than society, or cities, or Nature herself—these all furnish the settings, and human characters give materials with which to work. In a London drawing-room, in the woods of Maine, in California in '49, nothing is worth recounting except as it bears upon this theme,

"The miraculous, infinite heart of man,  
With its countless capabilities."

Nathaniel Hawthorne told of the sins of a family, a community or a nation; the visiting of the sins of the fathers upon the children was his favorite theme; Julian Hawthorne follows his characters for their own lives, and does not leave it to succeeding generations for eternal justice to be worked out. The lesson is the same in both—

"Our acts our angels are, and good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

The elder writer was constantly under the influence of an old New England village, in which, as he fancied, the Salem

Witchcraft and the religious persecutions were being visited upon the Puritans' descendants.

"Dust" and "Fortune's Fool," published in 1882-3, are the last long novels which Mr. Hawthorne has written. His shorter works published since that time are not to be compared with his more extended novels. Mr. Hawthorne is not a universal genius, and needs a large field in which to work.

The compilation of the "Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife" was a work which none could do so well as Julian Hawthorne. Although he endeavors to eliminate himself from his theme, his sympathetic touch is everywhere perceptible. Aside from the inherent interest of the work it possesses the unique charm of representing almost the only case in which a literaryman has had for his biographer at once his own son and a man of letters.

Mr. Hawthorne's latest work of importance is "Confessions and Criticisms," a volume of literary essays published in 1887. To "A Preliminary Confession," the first paper in the book, I owe an acknowledgment for much of the data here given. This volume is, perhaps, on the whole, the most delightful of Mr. Hawthorne's writings. It is as an essayist that he excels, and nowhere more so than in these essays, in which he shows a profound analysis and a keen sense of the modern requirements of scholarship.

On the whole, Mr. Hawthorne reminds one of George Meredith as much as of any other writer—falling below him in dealing with men in the aggregate, but his superior in introspection and study of the individual. His best work may be yet to come, but he has already earned a place in the front rank of American authors, and has made his surname of uncertain meaning, so that in times to come we shall have to speak not of "Hawthorne's son," but of "The younger Hawthorne."

*M'Cready Sykes.*

## AT THE INN.

IT WAS one of the last of the wild evenings of March. Belated students plowed through the snow in the sleet and wind that mocked at any covering, and now and then a stray professor would fight his way across the drift-swept campus, with half a wish that the night's meeting of the Philosophical Club had been postponed. The swinging lights hardly served to dispel a square yard of the darkness on Nassau street, and sputtered with ineffective indignation as the wind shoved them hither and thither at will and the sleet smote them impudently, stinging their bulging glass cheeks and danced against them and away. The great trees in the Dean's yard reared their heads proudly at the thought of the storms they had weathered, laughed and nodded to their brothers on the campus, and shook down an icy offering upon the passerby.

It was Friday night, and the heavy work for the week was finished. Over in Murray Hall some good young men were singing hymns of praise, while in the historic back room of the old Princeton hostelry, known as the "Sign of the Dome," another sort of young men (not, however, bad young men,) were discussing various delectable viands and good brown ale.

The dingy old room certainly never had presented a more comfortable or cosy appearance. There is something very snug about warmth and shelter when a storm comes on to bluster without; and such is human nature that to give one's shelter its most soothing effect, one always likes to think of other poor beings who struggle in the open against the power of the tempest. So it was that the talk around the wooden table, carven and engraved by so many heroes, and little men, as well, was of miseries and dangers endured by those whom business or necessity called abroad on such a night, of perils at sea and shipwrecks, and tramps wandering through the storm, of blizzards and those who might

be lost on the faraway prairies. The mugs clinked together on the table, the fire burned brightly; now and then, when there was a lull in the conversation, the rats could be heard skeltering behind the wainscoting, the wind howled without, and all within was blithe and cheery.

There was a call for a song from the group, and one of the number about the board arose with mug in hand and sang in a strong but mellow baritone, to a dolorous air, a mournful ballad called "The Laugh of the Dead." The last lines and chorus were somewhat as follows:

"With a long, long stare  
He fell back there,  
And his jaw was bare,—  
In the last long laugh of the dead.

CHORUS.

"In the laugh of death,  
With a long ha ha!  
The legend saith  
He was dead, ha ha!  
Ha ha!  
He was dead, long dead,  
Ha ha!  
Long since dead,  
Ha ha! Ha ha!"

The entire company joined in the chorus of deep, sad-sounding chords, which, together with the grotesque gruesomeness of the words, had a quite perceptible effect at the conclusion in the shiver of one and the cross-shoulder glance of another.

"Now," said a tall young man, addressed by his companions as Feversham, "we have had a good song, a grisly song, let us have a ghostly story. Is there not one of us who knows a comfortably creepy tale?" There was a general approval of this desire and many a nodding head expressed an echo of Feversham's wish to be harrowed by a dismal recital. However, no one volunteered, and a prolonged silence seemed to indicate that no one present was

willing to make the attempt or that no one knew a tale that had not been told.

"Come," said a stout senior in a white sweater, "a narrative of murder and apparitions. Surely one of us must know something of the sort that we have not yet heard. Come! a ghost story; one that will make us wake at night."

On a sudden there was a chill breath of air in the room; from without there came as an echo the words "Wake at night! wake at night!" There was a general exclamation, but Feversham noticed that the outside door was open and rising to close it, he cried out that without doubt there was nothing to wonder at but the wailing of the wind. As his hand touched the door he started back and both he and his companions perceived a darkly-outlined figure in the dimness beyond the threshold. "Are you coming in?" inquired Feversham, with some trepidation apparent in both look and voice.

The figure advanced and the light fell upon a wrinkled, weather-beaten face,—the face of an old man, dark, forbidding, and lit up by the gleam of wild eyes that looked shiftily out beneath shaggy gray eyebrows. The snow was in his white hair and beard and on his bent shoulders and clung to his tattered garments.

"Are you coming in?" repeated Feversham. Without replying the old man advanced and took a chair near the fire. As he wearily shook the sleet from the broken visor of his cap he said, as if to himself, with a long, low sigh: "Wake at night! wake at night!" Everyone instantly recognized the voice as that which Feversham had taken for the moaning of the wind. Then again the stranger said: "Wake at night! a ghost story," and laughed softly. "This may prove of interest," whispered the stout man in the sweater to his companions. Then, aloud: "Yes, we were wishing for a tale of unusual things,—to be brief, a ghost story. Can you tell us one, sir?" he said.

"I?" said the old man, "I? a tale of unusual things! I might. Ha, ha, ha, ha," he laughed a noiseless, mirthless laugh; "I might." The firelight lit his pale seamed face and the flames glowed again from his wandering eyes; the hand went nervously to his head and the other pressed hard to his chest as though to quell some deep-seated pain. His coat was gathered closely about him and he leaned nearer to the fire. "I might."

"We should be grateful if you would tell us such a tale, sir," said Feversham, "and it will be all the more pleasant if it is true."

"Pleasant! True!" and the old man turned on them a smile that brought fearful and awed looks upon him. "Yes, it is true. Wake at night, wake at night? Do I? Ha! Sometimes, sometimes. Do you ever start wide awake in terror in the dead of night? Do figures lean above you in your sleep? Do you know the danger of dreams? Have you, in dreams, been near to death and saved yourself by waking, baffling the great final angel? Have you felt eyes upon you in the dark; eyes that were not eyes, but shapeless intelligences—evil, threatening, knowing you through and through; have you plead with an elemental soul, a raw thing that never lived but flits evilly through the ages?"

Feversham cleared his throat and glanced at his comrades who were listening with somewhat nervous intentness, and shivered slightly as the blast struck the windows and howled about the eaves. "I think I understand what you mean," he said.

The stranger stretched his withered hands toward the warm blaze. "Those hands were fresh and lithe, once," he said, "strong hands they were. Did you ever see a pair of long, white hands that worked nervously; hands that clutched; hands that could kill?"

Most of the party glanced instinctively at their own hands, but the stout senior had not taken his eyes off those of the old man, extended as they were in the firelight, and he



shuddered as he whispered to his neighbor, "Interesting; incoherent, but interesting."

"There once stood on the outskirts of the village here," the stranger continued, altering his manner abruptly, "an old stone house. You have passed the place where it stood time and again on your rambles about the country.

"Long, long ago it stood in venerable stateliness, with oaks and elms to guard it, girdled by sweeping lawns. Many a chariot stopped there with beaux and ladies, in the old, old days; many a bride drove away from its gates in coach and four. The days are gone; gallants and dames are dead, long dead. Fifty years ago! Do you know what fifty years means? No! Fifty years. The beaux of the old time were dead then; harness of disused coaches had rotted away, but the mansion of mellow, time-tinted stone stood brave and proud, with hale green ivy to cloak it gaily. The garden walks were flecked with moonlight in summer, and the breezes whispered nightly down its leafy avenues and wooded paths.

"One June evening in the dead years, Madeline, the light of that place, the delight of the mansion, fair and wise and young, wandered through the garden paths and dreamed away the summer twilight. The low moon had softly conquered the golden gleam that lay a-dying in the west; the roses peeped gently through the gloaming, daintily scenting the tender breezes that shyly moved them; the branches overhead lightly swished and swayed, and a transparent white mist arose from the fragrant meadows beyond.

"There was a quick, light step on the shadow-sprinkled path behind her, and Madeline, turning, gave a quick, low cry of joy.

"The youth who came to meet her was tall and very slender. He had a singular grace of motion, his face was gentle and refined, so delicate, too, the make of his features he gave the impression of fragility. He bowed low as he came up and kissed the maiden's hand with courtly tenderness. She chid him, smilingly, calling him, fondly, 'an

impertinent,' and they strolled together down many a dim path and garden walk, each gazing often in the other's eyes, each seeming discontent not to gaze upon the other.

"In a far part of the garden, on a bench in deepest shadow, beneath a willow tree, was seated a young man who gazed steadily, staringly out into an open moonlit space beyond at a clump of lilac bushes that marked the end of an arbores path.

"There was a rustling in the bushes, the branches were pushed aside and the lovers emerged from the arbor. They stood for a moment framed by the rearing lilac, and as they stood, the mellow light falling upon the lovely face and white garments of the girl, and upon the darker outlines of the man and his transfigured face, they kissed—a dainty picture. The man in the shadow came forward suddenly, 'Am I to offer my congratulations?' he said. He had stepped so quickly and so lightly, he stood beside them before they knew of his presence. The other man drew back, something startled, 'Ah! It is you, Valsage, is it?'

"'It is I.' He was still bowing, so low that they could not see his face, 'Am I to congratulate you?' he asked again. Madeline drew back nervously and then 'Yes, we are to be married—yes, it is true,' she said, not without a tremor in her voice.

"Valsage straightened himself with a sudden movement. His face was from the moon, but it was of a deathly pallor. 'Latham,' he said, 'I congratulate you, with all my heart, may you be happy. Madeline, I congratulate you, may you be happy. May you both be very, very happy.'

"He turned quickly and went down an opening in the bushes. When he reached a cross-path, he turned and looked on them again. They stood quite silent, watching. Even at the distance they were they saw the white gleam of his eyes as the light fell on his face. 'May you be very, very, very happy' he called out, and laughed, a soft, strange laugh, 'very, very, very, very happy.'

"Then they saw him stretch his white hands toward them in a singular gesture as he stepped once more into the shadow.

"Madeline and Latham were to be married in March, and three days before the wedding a merry party assembled in the mansion where all the old fashions of good cheer were in force. It was a fearful night without. A wild March evening. In the oak-lined hall, about the great fire, were gathered the family of the house and the guests.

"They were discussing, with many a nervous exclamation of trepidation on the part of the matrons and maids, a project of the brother of Madeline, the gay young heir of the estate.

"For many years there had been in the family (indeed, through all the vicinity the story was well known,) a tradition to the effect that the old ball-room of the mansion was what is popularly known as 'haunted.' The legend was of pre-revolutionary origin, and it held that on each anniversary of a certain dreadful crime that had been committed there a ghost walked, at midnight, in the long-disused ball-room, the top floor of the house.

"The ball-room had ceased to be used as such for many years, and was now used but as a storage place for odds and ends and relics of a bygone day. That the crime had been committed there (although the exact history of it was somewhat clouded beyond that it was a particularly evil one) was well known and a matter beyond doubt, but as to the ghost's walking, there was much skepticism among the party gathered for the wedding. This unbelief had followed the son of the house all that day in sly quips and jests and badinage, which he had borne with patient good nature, begging his banterers to wait but for the night. At the breakfast table he had announced that that night was the one of the year for the ghost to walk, had told the story of the crime, and also how he, with a fearful servant for company, had listened on the landing outside the ball-room doors, a year before, and had heard the ghostly steps. He

had proposed that the men of the party should lie in wait for the visitant that night and investigate it. Every one had laughingly assented, and had smiled over the matter all day. When night fell, though none would admit it, the thought of attempting to entrap the ghost brought a slight chill with it. Though few believed that there would be anything to hear or fear more than rats in the flooring, the unshaken confidence of Madeline's brother had its effect.

"‘I would not go into that room to-night,’ he was saying to the group about the great hall fire, ‘for anything short of what I desire most in the world; but I want these other men to hear it. I would not even lie outside of that door again and feel what I felt when I heard it this night last year but that I wish so much to see you as frightened as I was and shall be.’

"‘Frightened? Bah, Tom?’ cried a bluff young man called Dalton. ‘If there is anything to walk to-night, we’ll walk too—walk in and catch it. No doubt we shall have yon tortoise-shell cat, or one of its wandering offspring for our spook. Let one of our number stay in the ante-room at the other end of the old dance-floor, and another just inside the great doors by the landing, while the rest of us lie just outside them. Thus we will not have too many inside to frighten the apparition away, and the two men, being thus at each end of the great room, can rush upon whatever exhibit itself, at the same time giving a signal, while the rest shall run in to their assistance. Arrange that lights then be brought, and, no doubt, we shall thus be able to determine whether we have seized upon Madame Tabby, who sits so demurely yonder, or one of her infants who does this annual walking.’

"In spite of its humorous conclusion, this plan was accepted, and the men drew lots, with comic solemnity, as to which two should have the positions inside the room. Valsage, sallow and wan, even in the rosy fire-glow, held little sticks in his hand with only the tips of them in sight. It was determined that he who drew the shortest stick was

to lie in the ante-room, and whoever chose the longest was to be near the great doors. Each man selected one. Finally all had drawn except Latham, and all the sticks were of a size. 'Draw, Latham, my friend; draw,' said Valsage. 'You who are so soon to be so happy; draw, my dear friend.'

"Latham drew. It was the short stick. Valsage gave a ringing laugh. 'You are to have the post of greatest danger, my dear Latham, and I the next. You and I in the room, the others without. I hope your imminent peril will not disturb the fair Madeline.'

"Madeline's brother looked at the two men and at Madeline, and his face grew pale. 'Let me have your place, Latham,' he cried. 'Change places with me, my dear fellow.'

"'What!' exclaimed Latham. 'You, who were, but now, protesting that you would not, for your life, enter this ghastly chamber; you volunteer to change places with me? Nay,' he cried, gaily, 'I claim the post of honor that has fallen to me. I would be the first to lay hands upon this famous tabby, for such is Dalton's version of the dread apparition.' The preparations were quickly completed. They were very simple. When it lacked but half-an-hour of midnight the ladies and old gentlemen of the party, who said they would not risk their rheumatism, escorted the adventurous spirits as far as the foot of the wide stairway that led to the garret. There they left them. As they were going, Madeline drew Latham a little apart. 'Do not go, dearest,' she whispered. 'Let some one else go into that terrible place—not you; not you and Valsage. Stay here, do. Do as I wish you to, dear, only this time.' 'Not for worlds,' he answered merrily. 'See, they are already at the landing and Valsage is calling for me. *Au revoir*, my sweet, *au revoir*.' He looked once more in her pleading eyes, ran lightly up the steps, kissed his hand to her gaily, and was gone.

"When he reached the landing outside the great doors the men were talking in whispers. The darkness of the

place alone, was impressive, and the most skeptical of them felt his gayety fast slipping away. There was no laughter except a faint ripple of forced mirth that sounded hollow, following a last sarcasm about the spectre, very faintly put forth. The tall oak doors were closed. There was a short silence. It was broken by the harsh, distinct whisper of Valsage. 'Come,' he said. He was standing a little apart from the rest, a long dark splotch in the dimness. 'Come, Latham, my dear friend, come.' He opened the door and the long, whining creak of it made them all start. 'Come.' Latham stepped to the threshold; there he turned and waved his hand to them but did not speak, nor did any of them. He stepped inside and they heard him go quietly down the long room and into the ante-room.

"As the sound of his footsteps died away some one gave a short gasp. A sense of something impending had suddenly fallen on them all and there came a silence that each one felt he could not break. Valsage, as had been arranged, had closed the door, all but very little, and they heard him stretch his rug upon the floor (each man had brought a rug or blanket with him) and lie down upon it somewhat noisily.

"Tom, Madeline's brother, lay nearest the doors, the rest close to him. Each man heard his neighbor breathe. Each wished the wait had been shorter. The time seemed interminable. The story of that dead crime, in so far as it was known, came freshly to the mind of each man lying in that chill dark place. There came a horror of that great, empty, gaunt room. It was easy to fancy an evil thing slowly gathering in its blackness, brooding evil as it grew in the gloom and darkness. The scene of that forgotten crime seemed peopled with its shadows. Once more the sudden shriek above the music, the dreadful crimson on the floor, dabbling the dresses and curtains and wall.

"Then clear and distinct, loud and deep, came the clang of a great bell. It was the first stroke of twelve. As its throb and long continued tintillation grew fainter the door



that stood slightly ajar swung slowly open and from the ball-room there came the faint sound of a footfall.

"Clang! the second stroke rang out, and the third, and the fourth and the fifth. Madeline's brother shuddered and his companions trembled to hear between each stroke a step, shuffling and faint. Then between the fifth and sixth, from a distant part of the room came an inarticulate cry, a choking, gasping sob. The strain could not last much longer. The signal! the signal! why did not Latham or Valsage give the signal? The bell tolled its last. Then the steps again. They passed down the hall growing fainter and fainter. Then from the ante-room came shriek on shriek. 'The ghost! the ghost! the ghost!' The voice was the voice of Valsage.

"They rushed in and found them, two figures in the gloam of that fell place—that was all. Valsage was lying, in a swoon, by the cot where Latham had thrown himself to wait. Latham lay dead, with his eyes wide open and marks at his throat. They saw this in the short moment that a light one of them had struck lasted, while Tom laid his trembling hand on Latham's heart. Then came a wild cry from below, and the sound of women's voices screaming, and the noise of people running, and the crash of furniture. A servant coming with lights had stumbled, and the place was on fire.

"In the morning nought was left of that house but the stone walls. Last night I passed the spot where it stood. The sleet and snow are a fine shroud, a great, white, pure shroud; a noble winding-sheet. To-night at midnight, the light will fall from its windows once more; again it will stand stately and erect. Once more a party of gay young men will go up the broad stairway; again a dainty hand will stretch out to detain one of them, and he will wait a last kiss down to the pleading face. Once more will a murderer stifle his victim's cry, only to feel the touch upon his elbow from behind, and turn to behold a horror—a dead soul gazing in his eyes; again will he see those evil eyes,



the gleam of them—*see them in the dark*—the eyes of the ghost.

"Fifty years! This is the night—ah, a fit one. Every year, every year. Never look in a ghost's eyes; you'll see strange things all your life if you do.

"This night, in the dead of it, a madman goes to find his ghosts!

"Ha, fifty years! Fifty years!"

As Feversham left the inn, after paying his reckoning, there was a glint of white hair and white beard beneath a tattered cap that passed down the street. The old man was walking rapidly to the east, through the snow, with the air of one hurrying to keep an engagement.

*Newton Booth Tarkington.*

## THE RETURN OF OGIER.

OGIER, the Dane, while yet a child, was visited by seven beautiful maidens, each of whom promised him a splendid gift. But the last and loveliest of the seven offered him the most excellent thing of all, immortal life with her when his earthly deeds were accomplished; and so when Ogier was old the maiden took him to dwell with her in a distant land. There forgetting all his former life, he lived as a beautiful youth for the space of one hundred years, when the witch-maiden permitted him to return to the court of the king. And it so came to pass that he loved the king's daughter Rowena, and delighted in the battles and councils of the king. But at the end of a year the witch-maiden called him, and lest she might again lose his love, made him forget all that had happened in the twelvemonth, and so he dwells with her still in the faraway land of Vestermond by the sea. And in the course of the year the witch-maiden also caused Rowena to forget him—[Ed.]

*Time, Autumn. Twilight on the Rhine. The great porch of the palace.*

OGIER.

How still those shadows lie along the slopes,  
The ghosts of the dead day, that night will charm  
With the first magic of the rising moon;  
And such slow-running music of the stream  
I have not heard since that fair night in June,—

You know the time, Rowena. 'Twas a night  
So full of eager love that airy sprites  
Made tender music in our willing ears,  
And splendid visions from the realm of dream,  
Robed in their beauty's light, went wandering by,  
Borne on the easy pinions of the wind.  
How beautiful the world has been since then!

ROWENA.

And yet they told us that the air was cold,  
And no stars peered between the driving mists  
That hid the moon. My father said the night  
Was like a grim forerunner of the storm,  
That ere the morning broke, with cruel hands,  
O'erthrew the rock-bound tower of Ernilconn.  
I thought the night was all ablaze with stars,  
It seemed the moon had never beamed so bright,  
And all the stormy laughter of the wind  
To me was like some elfin music, blown  
From a far land. You said there was one note,  
So rich, so passion-sweet that all the rest  
Was like harmonious discord.

OGIER.

For one moment,  
And then it died away, and all I heard  
Was thy voice, clear, like a ripple of rain,  
Heard in the twilight.

ROWENA.

You said that night that you would tell me soon  
What your own country was and how you came  
Unto our palace; and now three months have gone,  
And still you promise me but tell me not.

OGIER.

Love and the eager life within the court  
Have driven it from me as the summer sun  
Drives the pale mist into the depths of air.  
A dream it was, a beautiful thing while dreamed,  
But when the dream is gone, nought but a dream.

ROWENA.

Well, tell me then the dream.

OGIER.

This was my dream :

A splendid palace by a distant sea,  
Set in a garden rich with fruits and flowers,  
And crowned with all that glory of the year  
When summer shrouds herself in autumn haze,  
A palace where all things were ever new ;  
I think some strange enchantment fashioned it,  
For all the floor was paved with marble slabs  
And all the walls were hung with tapestries  
Sprinkled with diamond dust and emerald—  
The giant arches of the sculptured roof  
Lifted on high were filled with incense smoke,  
That swept in solemn pomp the columned aisles.  
By day a dream of sound moved in the halls  
And the bright light was veiled. But when night came  
It blazoned with a thousand burning lamps  
That struck their gleam across the waste of waves.  
There dwelt I with the queen of that strange land,  
Who taught me all the wonder of the world,  
Visions and golden dreams, fair as were seen  
Far in the early light of old romance.  
No morning broke without some fancy new,  
No noon without some dream ; at night we sat  
And watched the sunset bars across the waves  
Grow into color, burn and turn to less  
And mingle with the night around the sea.  
So dreamed we all the happy day away,  
And with each new-born fancy I would thrill  
With tingling ecstasy. But when night came,  
My vision vanished quickly, and my dream  
Melted away in dim foreshadowings,  
The purpose died and so no deed was done.

ROWENA.

In truth it must have been a magic land.  
Were not thy visions golden ? Were thy dreams  
Not fair that you did leave the palace ?

OGIER.

Fair,  
Yes, very fair. All things are fair to us  
Till, standing in the gleam of purer light,  
What we have known seems shadow. Beautiful,  
Most beautiful it was until I knew  
A greater glory. But one afternoon—

A year ago it was—while the late day  
Drew a fine mist of crimson o'er the sky  
And blaze of color burned along the sea,  
She sat with me, and told me of a land  
Of storm and strife, far from that sleeping sea,  
Where I must go awhile to prove my love.  
How, I know not, but when the morning broke  
I found myself before your father's gate,  
And how my love was proved no one can tell  
Better than you. I thought my love for her  
Would never die—but it was like a dream  
That vanishes with the first light that strikes  
Slumber from the eyes. I have just waked  
From lifelong dreams within this golden year,  
Awaked to find how eager life can be,  
And what deep joy there is in some strong deed.  
Last night I stood upon that time-worn crag  
That beetles grandly o'er the bursting Rhine,  
Where stands the ancient castle of Raverne,  
And all its throbbing, surging, rushing life  
Filled me with some faint measure of its own.  
To-day I saved a poor man from the law  
That would have made him and his children slaves—  
I thought a little of his joy was mine.  
And then the wild thrill of the battle stroke,  
The clash of helmets and the clang of arms,  
The keen delight in this most splendid court,  
The life, the energy, the love—'tis these  
Have struck the slumber from my blinded eyes.

ROWENA.

And so the voice you heard that night in June—  
So rich attuned, that all the other sounds  
Seemed but harmonious discord—was her voice.

OGIER.

Yes, for one moment did I hear it thrill  
Strongly along the wind. But the full air  
Swept swiftly by, and the lone voice was drawn  
Far out in echoing strains to the dim sky;  
I think that it has passed forever now.  
Is not the night too cold, Rowena?

ROWENA.

No.

We will wait until the swift-spiced moon  
Stops her light-glided car above yon elm  
Before we go into the palace court.

*(Voice near by, singing to Rowena.)*

Sleep, maiden, sleep; long is the night;  
May all the dreams of love be thy delight,  
Fair, all the visions that break on thy sight,  
Sleep, maiden, sleep.

Touch not her golden hair, wind of the west,  
Stir not one ringlet there, calm be her rest,  
Still as the wings of the night on the breast  
Of the slow-heaving deep. *(Rowena sleeps.)*

I love thee well, O child in thy gladness,  
Only to-night shall thou weep, and to-morrow thy madness  
Of love will be gone, and thy sadness  
Vanish with sleep.

OGIER.

How lovely is she in her slumber;  
I think I never saw her look more beautiful.

*(Voice singing.)*

With my magic chains I bind thee  
As of old,  
For my heart has burned to find thee  
While thy love was cold. *(Witch-maiden appears.)*  
O wanderer, I have come to lead thee home  
From this cold world of bitter strife and storm  
To that fair palace by the gleaming sea.  
The king hath no more need for thy strong sword,  
And she you loved will soon forget her dream.  
Why then still cling to this cold, lifeless clod?  
It is most pleasant by that blissful sea.

*(While she speaks Ogier leaves the bench and gradually approaches her.)*

OGIER.

I thought that I had been away from home;  
You know I dreamed I loved her lying there?  
How comes it we are here? Let us return  
To our fair palace by that happy shore,  
And watch the night swing down upon the sea.  
*(Ogier and the witch-maiden walk slowly from the porch.)*

ROWENA *(awaking)*.

The air is very cold; I must have slept.  
What! is the moon full two hours risen? So long—  
Could I have slept so long? Ogier is gone.

I thought I heard him murmur a good-night.  
Well, I will go into the palace court,  
And look out on the upper balcony.  
When was a night I did not find him there ?

*William Ashenhurst Dunn.*

### THE TEMPORARY SANCTIFICATION OF MASTER JIMMY ALLAN.

"Fear ne'er converted yet."—*Old Saying.*

MASTER Jimmy Allan was a young man in whom the sense of oughtness were not abnormally developed. Indeed, if one was to believe his aunt, who was in a position to know, having "brought him up," he would be found to be sadly deficient in that quality.

Twice, to quote his own happy if slightly vulgar phraseology, he had been "jugged," by which we are to understand that the majesty of the law had twice frowned on him, and had even gone to the expense of housing and feeding him for a time, a fact by no means disconcerting to Master Jimmy.

But he was not a bad fellow at heart, his chief fault laying in his inability to comprehend the fine shade of distinction between *meum* and *teum*, which was probably the result of his education, which had been limited to the scanty information that he was enabled to pick up as he lounged with his boon companions on the sunny side of the corner grocery in the little town in which he had been brought up.

At the time our story opens Jimmy's moral nature was undergoing a severe mental strain, owing to the eloquent words of a traveling evangelist, who for a week past had come daily to the little grocery, and there, mounted on a flour-barrel loaned for the occasion, had described the realms of tophet with such vividness that he had quailed inwardly, especially when the preacher had, with a frank-

ness terrible to behold, assured him that the fiery pit was made especially for such as he.

Jimmy's idea of hell hitherto had been a vague one. He had an indistinct notion that it was a hot place, somewhere in the bowels of the earth, to which it was convenient to assign various things troublesome in moments of intense dissatisfaction, but to suddenly find that the pit had been constructed especially for him was a new and alarming fact.

It was, therefore, with mingled feelings of eagerness and trepidation that he had accepted an invitation to attend a revival meeting to be held in the little church a few blocks below. As the time drew near, however, for Jimmy to keep his promise, he showed increasing signs of uneasiness and a tendency to become a "backslider," for he remarked to a friend privately that he guessed he wasn't so bad, and that if it were not a sin to steal he'd go to heaven sure. His friend, however, who did not hold such an optimistic view of Jimmy's spiritual condition, volunteered no further reply than a wink, which was non-committal, to say the least.

But when the appointed evening arrived Jimmy sallied forth with an air of bravado, albeit his knees showed a strong tendency to grow intimate as he approached the dimly-lighted vestibule of the church, and the care-worn derby that had sat jauntily on his head when he started had been pulled down over his eyes, and had a dispirited air, as if it sympathized with the conflicting emotions to which it gave a grateful if somewhat ventilated shelter. As Jimmy paused hesitatingly at the church door, undecided what he ought to do next, a young-looking man with a smoothly shaven face and white tie rushed forward and shook him eagerly by the hand in a manner new and peculiar to Jimmy, working his arm up and down like a pump handle, while he gazed earnestly in his face and kept repeating, "How are you? How are you?" Upon Jimmy's replying that he was doing very well, the young man uttered a deep



groan and handed him over to another young man who, having treated him in a similar manner, handed him over in turn to another young gentleman, who led him grimly to a seat in the front of the church. For a time Jimmy was too awed by his new and unaccustomed surroundings to look about, and sat staring straight in front of him at a black-robed minister who was reading aloud from a large book. Gradually, as his assurance returned, he mustered up courage to look around.

The room was very warm and Jimmy's face was very hot and his shoulders itched painfully. He was denied the gratification of alleviating these sensations, for every time he made an effort the minister glanced up and fastened his eyes upon him with such an awe-inspiring look that Jimmy dared make no further attempt, but sat in the corner of the pew and twirled his hat soberly between his fingers.

The sermon revived Jimmy's flagging attention, and renewed in him his interest and apprehension for his future. The sermon was one of the old-fashioned sort. Each sentence breathed fire and brimstone, till, to Jimmy's excited imagination, the room fairly smelt of sulphurous fumes, and aroused in him such a fear that he shook in mortal terror. It seemed to him as if the sermon was preached directly to him, and was a reproof for his wrong-doings.

It sounded to him very much like the words of the judge the last time he was sentenced, except that the judge had said the law for the devil and the prison for the burning hereafter, but he thought he saw it all very clearly now, thanks to the preacher's explanations. His idea of God was a vague one, but what of that. The men he knew obeyed the laws of the land through fear of them; that was all that was required to keep them out of jail. The Lord had passed laws, and unless one wished to fall in the clutches of the devil one had to obey His in a similar manner.

But when the sermon was concluded his mind was filled with doubt as to why all this should be. That it was so he could not doubt for a moment, for the minister had not only

told them about it, but had also read with great unction a detailed account of the realm of departed sinful souls from a large book. Proof conclusive to Jimmy.

At the close of the service, as Jimmy essayed to make his escape in the crowd, the minister laid a detaining hand upon his shoulder and asked him in slow and mournful tones if he had repented. At this direct question, so abruptly asked, Jimmy, too abashed to reply, hung his head with embarrassment, and drew imaginary lines with his shoe on the floor.

"Young man," continued the preacher, in a sepulchral tone of voice, "repent while there is yet time; you are at Kadesh-Barnea." At this astounding piece of information Jimmy looked fearfully around, as if he fully expected to behold some one of the dreadful apparitions that the minister had depicted with such glowing colors. Seeing nothing, however, that need alarm him, he turned to the minister and, with a slightly shaky voice, replied, "Mister, ef you say I be thar, I expect it's so; but say, Mister, I don't want to go ter hell and burn for a million years, like you say I will, ef I don't quit a stealing." The preacher nodded. "Well, then," with a long sigh, "I'll quit, but I'm blessed ef I see why the devil should lay for me when I do what I hadn't oughter." All the jauntiness and spruceness had departed from Jimmy, and he stood there a weak and trembling man on the threshold of a new life, penitent and eager, a magnificent possibility. But the man before him was one who looked at the world through his own distorting lenses. Of the higher ideal of divine love he knew nothing. He taught from the promptings of his own narrow creed.

"Young man, remember the devil is always on the watch for us. It is through fear of him that we become good." To this Jimmy listened attentively, still as he shuffled awkwardly out of the church a vague feeling of disappointment filled his soul, which was largely increased as he passed a companion on the corner who, as he leaned idly against a lamp-post, heaped various humiliating epithets on him for going to church. Ordinarily Jimmy would have

considered this as sufficient invitation for a fight, but to-day more important matters engaged his attention. But as he progressed down the street his buoyant nature began to assert itself and his face wore its accustomed cheerful smile when he arrived in front of the little grocery, where he was greeted by a perfect babel of shouts and questions as to his experiences at church. Mounting on a flour barrel, the identical one used by the Evangelist, Jimmy related his experience in detail.

For many days Jimmy forswore his old ways and honestly tried to lead a better life, thinking of his future as painted by the revivalist if he persisted in his old ways, but his sanguine temperament and love for his old companions made him long for the old days. He attended the revival meetings quite regularly, but as the novelty wore off and his religious excitement abated he gradually returned to his old ways, and the new Jimmy disappeared slowly at first and then more rapidly, till at last the old Jimmy returned and the religious experience was a thing of the past.

H. G. Murray

## A SWEET-MEAT VENDER.

(BANGKOK.)

### I.

THE great sun blazed within the sky,  
The muddy river loitered by,  
And, as the tide would rise and fall,  
So up and down stream would there glide  
A light canoe from side to side;  
And now and then a voice would call:  
"Come and buy, come and buy!  
Richest sweet-meats here have I.  
Ah, these cocoanuts of mine,  
Filled with rarest meat and wine!  
Sugar-cane from Kanburee,  
Fresh and flavored lusciously!  
None have better store than I,—  
Come and buy, come and buy!"

## II.

Behind the tall pagoda's spire  
 The western sky was all afire;  
 The noisy crows from far and wide  
     Were flying templewards to rest—  
     From ashen east, from burning west,  
 From seaward with the rising tide;  
 While still the voice would loudly call  
 Sweet wares, and luscious, out to all.

## III.

Now, lo! the moon has risen high,  
 And casts her glamour o'er the sky,  
 And, with a magic Midas-touch,  
     Turns earth all golden, far and wide.  
     Magnolias by the river side  
 Seem scented almost over-much.  
 And listen! far away, but clear,  
 The same voice strikes the listless ear:  
 "Night and rest, night and rest,  
     Life is good, but love is best;  
     Life's a dream, but love's a song,  
     Life is short, but love is long;  
     Night is short, but love is fair,  
     Home is sweet and love is there;  
     Night and rest, night and rest,  
     Night and home and love are best!"

*Frank McDonald.*

## A LOVER'S KNOT.

## I.

"YES, I like him very well,"—she was sitting at the old mahogany table, which mirrored back from its shining surface two shapely arms with elbows planted firmly on it, and a face that smiled coquetishly between her hands at its own image in the polished wood. Her gray eyes twinkled as she repeated deliberately, "Yes, auntie, I like him very well," and she gave just the slightest toss of her brown hair.

The little old lady knitting, opposite her, gave a sniff as of a war-horse scenting battle, and paused a moment in her work. "That's a nice thing for your mother's daughter to be saying to me, your mother's sister. Here's this rascally, good-for-nothing, popinjay, dandified, citified"—

"Gentleman," interposed the girl, with slight emphasis on the first syllable.

"Yes, gentleman; that's the citified word he's taught you, as if a plain, unvarnished *man* wasn't good enough for anybody. Gentleman, indeed; the calf!" (this was one of the old lady's strongest words)—"Coming here with his elegant airs and gorgeous bow-wowings to try to put it on honest people, just because they're country folks—and to think of your going and falling in love with him, contrariwise, as usual; I do declare I'm out of all patience, Dorothy," and the little curls on Aunt Clarissa's forehead subsided as Aunt Clarissa's head fell back exhausted, while her hands clinked the needles vehemently.

Dorothy's grey eyes danced a little disrespectfully.

"Who said anything about loving, auntie?" she asked, gaily. "I'm sure, just because a nice, harmless young *gentleman* comes here for the summer, there's no reason why he should be called so many names. Wasn't my father a gentleman?"

"Oh, be off with you," and the curls kept time to another scornful sniff.

"All right, auntie," laughed Dorothy, "but if you keep on, you'd better look out or I will fall in love with him," and with this dire threat she ran out into the July sunshine, leaving the poor little lady in a sad state of confusion. For Miss Clarissa Stone had, after what she considered a series of acute observations, come to the firm conclusion that her niece and the "citified" gentleman had fallen mutually in love, and while having no positive evidence against Mr. Mason's character, she was strongly opposed to him on general principles. Hence the tirade to which we just listened, and the utter disbelief in the niece's disavowal,

which she attributed entirely to her "skittishness." There was Amos Hillburn, a bright young farmer, if it had been he—but this would never do. Only one course lay open to her for the preservation of the child's happiness and welfare; she must kindly but firmly warn the young gentleman from the city that Dorothy was out of the pale of his aspirations, and that further pursuit was absolutely interdicted.

## II.

A few days after the dialogue which had ended so ominously for the doomed Mr. Mason, an opportunity not to be lost was given for the execution of Miss Stone's resolution. It was a warm evening full of moonlight, and the country boarder, hot from his day's work in the city, strolled toward the pleasant coolness of the porch, where he hoped to be refreshed by a quiet talk with the grey-eyed girl whose acquaintance for the last month he had found so pleasant. He was disappointed at finding only "Auntie" on the porch, but sat down socially for a chat with the little lady, who rather amused him, and whom he really liked in spite of her quaint brusqueness. As for Miss Clarissa, she determined to waste no time in skirmishing. Here was the golden chance, and hesitation now might be fatal.

"Mr. Mason," she said in an emphatic tone which was quite lost on her unconscious victim, "Mr. Mason, you do not realize, I think, the kind of girl Dorothy —"

"Excuse me for interrupting, but really, Miss Stone, I think I do appreciate the fine qualities of your niece (Miss Stone sniffed imperceptibly), and allow me to say that you are to be congratulated in having such a bright flower to cheer you and to brighten your evening for you."

The little curls began to dance dangerously, and Miss Clarissa exclaimed mentally, "Oh, this lover's talk does beat all! Flowers, indeed! Why can't the citified man talk *sense*?" But she must come to the point without more ado, and so began:

"Yes, Mr. Mason; that's all true enough, and just the reason I can't think of parting with her." And she cast a significant look, which was apparently quite lost on the young person opposite her.

"Naturally, very naturally, Miss Stone; I have thought so myself, and have quite pitied you at the thought of the lucky man appearing some day."

She looked at him sternly. This was too much, to twit her openly in this boldfaced way, as if it were all a matter of course! Pretty manners they had, these citified people! But she would teach him a thing or two yet.

"And so, I suppose, you think it is all settled?" she said in withering tones.

Her words rather took him aback, for he had not really thought much about the subject, and he paused a minute before replying.

"Well, not exactly; really, I had not known, you see, being away so much of the day, one gets very little opportunity—" He paused, feeling rather embarrassed at having unintentionally put his finger into the family affairs.

This pause mollified the little lady slightly. "He's got the decency to get a little confused, with all his boldfacedness," she thought. But her blood was up, the curls were in fighting condition, and, however she might feel disposed to spare him, it was too late to make any compromise now.

"Mr. Mason," she began once more, resolutely and with a calm severity, "it is very kind of you to be so considerate of my happiness; to have such a good opinion of my niece and even, I suppose to call her a flower, and such nonsense—though why not call a girl a girl, and a rose a rose, which are each best themselves, I don't, nor never shall see."

She stopped to get breath and to gather emphasis. Mr. Mason listened, while the fireflies blinked about him merrily.

"It is very good of you, Mr. Mason, and I feel in duty bound to say right now that against you yourself, I haven't



anything at all in particular. But when it comes to Dorothy and—"

"My dear Miss Stone," broke in Mr. Mason, on whose bewildered consciousness a sudden light had dawned, "let me assure you, my dear Miss Stone, that you are quite mistaken. Believe me I had no intention—there was nothing between Miss Lee and myself but the merest friendship, so pray set your mind quite at rest on the subject." He spoke with a quick earnestness which could admit of no doubt as to his sincerity, and as he rose to go, poor little Miss Clarissa, who was struggling between bewilderment, mortification and a lurking feeling of thankfulness that the danger had been only imaginary, could scarcely summon voice enough to say "good-evening," and found it quite impossible to add explanation or apology.

### III.

Mr. Mason walked slowly home, his mind in a tumult. Here was a pretty state of affairs. Had he done anything to bring it about? He thought not. All their relations had been pleasant and easy, but nothing more. He himself had never dreamed of such a denouement. Probably Dorothy had had some sentimental novel-ideas, and being unused to city ways had imagined herself into a feeling which he had given no real cause for. Her aunt, kind soul, had detected it, and had spoken to him with sensible candor. He could see the whole thing now, it worked out so logically. Only one thing remained. He must undeceive her, as well as he could, and make all plain between them. The idea was not pleasant, it might break up an agreeable friendship, but Mr. Mason was an honorable man, and not one to shrink from an obvious duty; for, in spite of Miss Clarissa's scathing estimates, Leonard Mason was a gentleman of the old and new school, externally polished, and of that fine honorableness and earnestness of mind somewhat out of vogue in the circles of modern business and society.

Perhaps in this case a touch of human pride influenced his rapid conclusion, but the instinct which prompted his determination to speak to Dorothy Lee he felt sure was a true one.

## IV.

Miss Lee had returned the evening of her aunt's tête-à-tête with Mr. Mason, radiant after a "most gorgeous drive down the valley with Amos," and was received with even more than usual warmth. "A fine fellow Amos is; don't you think so, my dear?" asked the little lady, looking anxiously into those laughing gray eyes. "Yes, Auntie, he's awfully nice, and how good of him to give me such a lovely evening." These words comforted the simple soul of Aunt Clarissa. After all, perhaps it wouldn't be such a shock to poor Dorothy, the sad news she had to tell her.

But a few minutes later her soul sank within her, and the tears gathered in her poor, dim eyes, while the little curls bobbed ridiculously sadly. Yes, poor Dorothy's heart would break; she felt sure of it. For when she had told her of the interview the child had given one gasp, "Oh, Auntie!" while the hot blood mounted up to her forehead, and then she had flown out of the room in that quick, impetuous way of hers. Poor old lady, she felt indefinitely it was all her fault, and the tears came all the faster to her eyes.

Dorothy, in her own room, was saying over and over that it *was* all her auntie's fault, and was stamping her foot fiercely, but whether from anger or a broken heart I leave it to those to say who have solved the enigma of a maid's moods.

## V.

It was nearly a week after that eventful evening when the city boarder walked again towards the honeysuckle trimmed porch where a certain little lady and her niece lived. His thoughts were more disturbed than they had been on that

former evening. He had been thinking a great deal about the girl whom he did not love, and had upbraided himself over and over again for his unconscious part in paining her. When he had read of such things in novels, they had had a glamour of sympathy about them, but the idea of this coming into his own prosaic life—it was all very ugly and distasteful. The more he pitied the more unbearable his duty seemed, and the more he determined to do it. So he walked uneasily up the walk and doggedly asked for Miss Lee. Naturally there was a tinge of embarrassment about their meeting. Nevertheless the conversation progressed for a time in the most commonplace way. If anything, he was the more disconcerted of the two. She was paler than usual—she had been suffering perhaps. How should he, could he speak; and yet he must. As for Dorothy, her feminine pride proved a great support.

Meanwhile the minutes were slipping away. The clock in the hall was counting them relentlessly.

"Miss Lee," he began earnestly, "I cannot begin to express my regret for anything I may have said or done—," but she stopped him with a gesture. Her eyes grew bright and her face flushed. There was a spirit in that small frame which could be dangerous when roused.

"Don't speak of it, Mr. Mason. My aunt's mistake. I never dreamed of such a thing."

A very much relieved man walked home that evening through the sweet falling dew. "A very fine girl," was the climax of his meditations, reached more than once.

## VI.

So the summer went on, and the members of this little one-act comedy became better friends perhaps than before. The city boarder spent many pleasant evenings on the honeysuckle porch. To be sure, there was no other refined society in the village, but this fact was naturally overlooked by the inhabitants themselves. Occasionally he went away

mysteriously, but always returned within a day or two, and hundred-headed rumor spread among the village gossips, and poor Amos Hillburn grew nearly desperate and had rash thoughts of suicide. Aunt Clarissa was utterly at sea. She had quite given up hope for her favorite Amos. Her niece and Mr. Mason had practically told her she need not fear so far as they were concerned. Perhaps Dorothy would never marry! And yet she felt uneasy. Meanwhile, the forces of reflex feeling and awakened interest were free to do what they would during the balmy days when cupid is said to hide among the flowers.

So it was that when a certain announcement was made, early in September, it came like a thunder-clap upon the little country place—a clap from whose effects the gossips have scarcely recovered yet. Miss Clarissa only shook her curls and exhausted her vocabulary in the exclamation: "Just to think!"

And as Mr. Mason was one of the chief actors in the tying of this lover's knot and its subsequent unraveling, his own words, taken from a pile of letters that Someone keeps carefully tied together, will best explain it:

CONAMAUGHY, Sept. 6.

MY DEAREST:

You will be glad to hear that that charming girl of whom I gave you a vivid description, and who was the only relief to my exile here, without you, is engaged to a bright young farmer named Hillburn. They seem very happy. Curious, is it not? But I won't enlarge, as I might, on the subject, for I am only writing to say I shall see you day after to-morrow, arriving at 6.40. \* \* \*

LEONARD MASON.

And ever since that summer Mr. and Mrs. Mason have spent part of their holidays with their friends of the honey-suckle cottage, where Aunt Clarissa smiles at them benignly, and has nearly forgotten to murmur to herself, "Well, I *do* declare!"

Charles Bertram Newton.

## SEA SHELLS.

LISTEN! A shallow, pearly shell—  
 Silent? No stormy tale to tell  
 Of the ocean's sweep and swell?  
 Quite silent—only a shallow shell.

Listen! A spiral'd shell—once more—  
 Listen! The lonely breakers roar  
 On some far distant shore.  
 A common shell—a voice—no more.

Listen! A pretty, hollow heart—  
 Silent? Only the ripple's plash,  
 And the sunlight's backward flash?  
 Yes, silent—only a shallow heart.

Listen! Another heart. Oh, hear!  
 The echo of a deep-toned sea,  
 A far-off note of harmony!  
 A simple heart—yet sounding clear.

By life's surf-music thou art but a shell.  
 Not thou, but the echo of thy soul shall tell  
 If to its message thou hast listened well—  
 The message which that music freely flings  
 To all the world, of noble, serious things;  
 The message which, once entered, ever rings  
 Thro' all thy spirit's spiral'd ways and cells,  
 And always growing, of life's greatness tells  
 To thee and all—except the shallow shells.

*Charles Bertram Newton.*

## RHYMES.

## THE VOICE OF THE TWILIGHT.

THE golden hue is fading from west,  
 The softening shadows show the day's release,  
 All nature hushed sinks slowly into rest,  
 The gathering twilight whispers one word, "Peace."

*Loren M. Luke.*

## FRIENDSHIP.

Blithe air, all steeped in sunlight, and a thousand twinkling leaves,  
Sweet blossom breath adrift upon a gaily gleeful breeze—

A friend's dear heart and eyes.

Mere common air, a glaring light, leaves tossing wearily,  
A feeble fragrance, and a little, fuming, fretful wind—

No friend's dear heart and eyes.

*C. B. Newton.*

## WHILE SHE SLEEPS.

She sleeps and dreams

As the sun's bright beams

Play through her golden hair,

And the soft winds low

Their stories blow

Into fancies quaint and rare.

And old songs rush

In the silent hush

Back to her heart to lie,

While from the sweet haze

Of bygone days

Their echoes dream and die.

*H. G. Murray.*

## ONE NIGHT.

I stood upon a headland of the sea

And watched a star flame down the western sky,

Nor cared I for the blast that hastened by,

And little thought I of the wave's wild glee,

For all my heart was on the glorious star.

Lower it sank and lower through the night,

And still my eager soul drank in its light

Until it neared the dim horizon bar,

Then did I stretch my hands out longingly,

But even as I watched, with wistful eye,

Slowly its beauteous light began to die,

Till suddenly the dawn flamed into day,

Quenching my star's last little struggling ray,

And I was left alone by that strange sea.

*W. A. Dunn.*

## "EIN FESTE BURG."

"Ein Feste Burg" is the hymn that best

We sing, the battle song

That, thunderous and clear, rings free,

Full voiced, and bold, and strong.

Some distant day an old man stands

Erect to hear once more

The brave words that we sing to-day,

With all our lives before.

*Newton Booth Turkington.*

## CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

## THE LAST NIGHT.

Twilight, a rustling in the elms;  
Daylight gone that overwhelms;  
Stars still pale thro' a cloudy fleece;  
Lights thro' the campus; a sense of peace.

Fancies steal thro' my tired brain;  
What was that wildly sweet refrain?  
Hark! it has come and died again;  
It was only fancy stirring the strings;  
It was only my heart, with her folded wings,  
Touched by the breath of happy things;  
It was only the song that precedes the night—  
To-morrow the heart must take her flight,  
To-morrow there'll be a world to fight.

*C. B. Newton.*

A CANINE COMEDY.—Mr. Harry Winter walked down the aisle of the car expecting to meet none of his personal friends; but the unexpected always happens, and before Harry knew it, he was bowing to Miss Edith Dayton and her aunt, Mrs. Helvern. I may have spoken carelessly in calling these two ladies "friends" of Mr. Winter, for that is not exactly the relation he held to either of them. It was commonly understood in the little circle in which this young gentleman moved that Harry's position toward Miss Dayton was that of an accepted lover, while Mrs. Helvern, the guardian of the aforesaid young lady, frowned upon the affair, and refused to give her consent to the marriage. I do not mean that Mrs. Helvern possessed any legal rights of guardianship over her niece, for Miss Dayton had reached her majority a few months since. But Miss Dayton looked on her aunt's hostility to the marriage as a purely temporary state of mind, which would finally pass away. Mrs. Helvern



would have much preferred to see her niece's affections centered on Captain Comas, a somewhat elderly gentleman of a literary frame of mind and of a number of good business investments. But Miss Edith persisted in her intentions to marry the young physician, and thus the matter stood as the young man walked down the aisle and took a seat behind that in which the ladies were sitting. He always maintained a most respectful bearing toward Mrs. Helvern, a fact which Miss Edith had often reminded her of in their numerous discussions over Mr. Winter. The young man certainly had a very pleasant manner, as he sat there chatting with the two ladies.

When the conductor passed to the seat which Mrs. Helvern and her niece occupied, he looked sharply down at a pug dog which the elder lady carried in her lap, and said:

"Madame, that dog will have to go into the baggage car."

Mrs. Helvern considered it beneath her dignity to notice this remark, and so called forth a second demand on the part of the conductor. The man of fares was evidently not very well used to his position, for he insisted on his demand somewhat sharply. Mrs. Helvern looked appealingly to Harry.

"Will I have to let poor little Riff be taken into that horrid baggage car?"

Harry answered that he didn't know that she could be compelled to do so, but that she might have to yield for once to the conductor's obstinacy in order to avoid a scene. "But," Harry added, "I will go in and see that he is properly treated." Miss Dayton laughingly protested against such a sacrifice on Harry's part, but the proposition met with Mrs. Helvern's approval, and so the young man and the dog betook themselves to the dismal seclusion of the baggage car.

After Harry's departure Mrs. Helvern remarked to her niece, "What a piece of good fortune it was to have Mr. Winter on the train." Miss Dayton agreed with her, but

felt somewhat angry that Harry had been compelled to give up her society for that of Aunt Emily's "horrid dog." But she kept the fact to herself and only showed that she missed Harry by keeping a moody silence for the rest of the journey.

In the course of the next twenty minutes the train drew up at a little country station only a few miles from the city in which the three principal characters of this comedy lived. Miss Dayton was looking absent-mindedly out of the window at the scene of commotion which the arrival of a train produces at a quiet country village station. Suddenly she turned to her companion and exclaimed:

"Why, Aunt Emily, see what Harry's doing!"

Mrs. Helvern looked out of the window just in time to see Harry break through a little ring of loafers gathered around to witness some interesting proceeding. The snarling and other kindred sounds were proof positive to all those around that a dog fight was in progress. Mrs. Helvern looked at Edith and asked her if Mr. Winter was in the habit of attending such amusements. But just as Edith was about to make an indignant reply, a loud howl was heard and Mr. Harry Winter was seen emerging from the highly delighted crowd holding in both his hands Mrs. Helvern's unfortunate pug, which through the blood and dust could hardly be recognized as the respectable dog lately fondled in the lap of that estimable lady. Harry disappeared in the baggage car amid the jeers of the crowd, and the train moved on. Both the ladies waited for news from the rescuer. Mrs. Helvern in suspense over the thought that poor Riff might be even now "shuffling off his canine coil," while Miss Dayton strove in vain to subdue the paroxysm of laughter into which the sight of Harry's ridiculous appearance had thrown her.

Soon the young man came into the car, and there was a twinkle in his eye as he sat down beside Mrs. Helvern. But she was too anxious about the precious pug to notice Harry's levity.

"He's all right," said he, confidently. "When I first took him in I tied him fast to one of the handles of a trunk. But his majesty was in a peculiarly savage mood and made several unavailing efforts to escape, none of which succeeded until the train stopped at Broxton. He gave one heavy pull, and breaking the handle off of the trunk jumped on the platform, where one of the native canines immediately opened hostilities."

But the train had arrived at the destination of the travelers. Harry brought back the savage little Riff to Mrs. Helvern, who, finding him uninjured, overwhelmed Harry with thanks, until she got to the door of her carriage and bade him good-bye, only after he had promised to come to tea the next evening. Mr. Winter thought that his star was in the ascendant, and his opinion might have been confirmed if he could have heard the conversation taking place in the carriage, now lost to his view.

"Edith, Mr. Winter is a model young man. I am afraid that I never rightly judged him before." Then to the dog: "Poor little Riff! Where would you have been if Mr. Winter hadn't taken care of you? That big savage dog would have eaten up my little dear."

Miss Edith sat back in the carriage and smiled. She didn't know just how far her aunt would go.

"Edith, couldn't you get the trousseau ready by October? I should think Mr. Winter could wait that long."

"I think I could, Aunt Emily," and Miss Dayton leaned over and kissed both Mrs. Helvern and the sleeping Riff.

*Loren M. Luke.*

WHAT IS A NOVEL\*?—Half-a-dozen books or less will make a reputation; ten will sustain one; twenty are in ordinary cases a career. According to the standard set by Mr. Crawford himself, he has almost finished his career as a novelist. During the past ten years he has published

\*THE NOVEL. WHAT IT IS. By T. Marian Crawford. (New York: Mac Millan & Co.)

almost a score of novels, and every one has been received eagerly by a large number of readers. He has never written an unsuccessful book. Taking such a remarkable career as a basis, Mr. Crawford has given to the public his theory of the novel.

The novel belongs to that class of commodities known as luxuries; it is a work of art and appeals to the intellect. The novel, then, is an "intellectual artistic luxury."

The "purpose" novel does not meet the requirements of this definition, for it is in most cases "an intellectual moral lesson," and not an artistic luxury. The writer of the "novel-with-a-purpose" breaks the unwritten contract between himself and the reader. It is his duty to educate the taste and cultivate the intelligence; his privilege to purify the heart and fortify the mind; but he has no right to foist his opinions upon the public. His book is an ambush, lying-in-wait for the unsuspecting public—and as such it should be mercilessly crushed or required by law to label itself "Purpose," in very big letters.

The moral lesson is not necessary to all kinds of art. Novelists are not preachers or professors, but public amusers. They make their readers laugh; they bring tears to their eyes; and best of all, they make them think. The novel and the play are subject to the same moral tests, yet there are people that would not tolerate a coarse play that are amused with an indecent novel. In a sense the school-girl fixes the moral tone of both play and novel; for the novelist must "temper the wind of his realism to the sensitive innocence of the ubiquitous shorn lamb," and the play "must be suited to maiden ears and eyes." The needs of the young for pure literature cannot be supplied by any but English novelists. But should a French school of English fiction develop, the present-day novel would soon be considered dull and uninteresting. There is already a taste for realism abroad. There are those that blush at the reading of "Tom Jones" or Peregrine Pickle" that do not object to being shocked by the realistic novels of Zola.

The novel must be both romantic and real. Its realism must be real; its romance, human; its idealism must be transcendent. Conceive a story that combines these three elements in proper proportion, that is told in language that can be now simple, now keen, now passionate, now sublime, and you have the ideal novel.

The novel is, and ought to be, a pocket stage. Both the novel and the drama must represent the dramatic, passionate, romantic and humorous. The novel must be true to nature. It must represent men as they live; this, however, is not a plea for the dialect novel, for the writer, in attempting to be more true to nature by introducing the dialect conversation, limits his audience and sacrifices a more enduring reputation for local popularity.

Since the novelist produces pocket plays, he must be a man who furnishes the stage and the drama, the actors and the scenery. He must be a broad man. By many he is really expected to be omniscient, for his facts must be corroborated by the "Britannica," and his science by the most recent investigations. Anything, however, that is intended to fix the date of a novel, not intended to be historical, is a mistake from a literary point of view.

The danger of falling into absurdities lies not in anachronism of dress, but in speeches that contradict sentiments and actions that belie characters. To avoid such mistakes some authors have written historical novels. They are limited by the historical facts and must conform to a multitude of details. They must have the rare faculty of combining the romantic and real in true and just proportions.

It is not likely that mankind will ever agree as to the relative merits of the romantic and real. The realist proposes to show men what they are; the romancist tries to show men what they should be. The object of the novel is to make one see men and women who might really live, talk and act as they do in the book. Its intention is to amuse and please, and certainly not to teach and preach.

The foundation of good fiction and good poetry seems to be ethic rather than æsthetic. That which appeals to the taste may perish, but that which appeals to man, as man, is lasting. It is that appeal that makes the Greek plays permanent. The novelist of to-day has an advantage over the playwright, in that he depends entirely upon the imagination of his reader. His descriptions are not limited by stage settings nor his characters by the capacities of actors.

The novelist is content with the art that small souls have to move great ones. The novel has its basis in a demand for emotional experience. The French Revolution introduced an emotional phase into social history that heralded the modern novel.

Modern civilization, too, has done what it could to stir the hearts of men. It has created modern vices, modern virtues, modern austerities and generousities; but the prime impulses of heart are, broadly speaking, the same in all ages and almost all races. "The brave man's beats as strongly in battle to-day, the coward's stands as suddenly still in face of danger; boys and girls still play with love, and the old still warn youth and manhood against love's snares. All that and much more comes from depths not reached by civilization nor changed by fashions. Those deep waters the real novel must fathom, sounding the tide-stream of passion and bringing up such treasures as lie far below and out of sight,—out of the reach of the individual in most cases,—until the art of the story-teller makes him feel that they are and might be his. Cæsar commanded his legionaries to strike at the face. Humanity, the novelist's master, commands him to strike only at the heart."

M. H.

## A BALLADE.

Many forms has the muse, it is true,  
Given poets, for expressing their fancies—  
From the calm altitudes, where they view  
How gayly or sad the world dances—  
But the form of verse which enhances  
Each delicate thought that may fall  
From their pens, and woos at a glance, is  
A quaint, dainty Ballade from Gaul.

There are only, I fear me, a few  
Whom the epic's grand page still entrances.  
There are not many read Homer through,  
After school days are over. The chance is  
They will novels prefer, and romances,  
But the poet tunes his lyre for all,  
And sings, under these circumstances,  
A quaint, dainty Ballade from Gaul.

Though he sing of the sea's summer blue,  
Of daffodils, roses, or pansies,  
The Corins that Phyllisee woo,  
Of tournaments, ladies, and lances,  
The autumn wind's sad utterances  
With all of these he can enthrall.  
It covers the widest expanses—  
A quaint, dainty Ballade from Gaul.

## ENVOY.

Prince of Ballade composers, Francis  
Villon, though your vices appall,  
We owe to your extravagances,  
A quaint, dainty Ballade from Gaul.

8.

OUR ORACLE.—You would have known Jimmie again at a glance if you had once seen him, although his was not a remarkable face. It was a plain one, with straightforward eyes and a sensitive mouth, to be sure, but otherwise not very different from the many faces that we see and forget



daily. No, it was not Jimmie's face which would fix him in your memory, nor was it the poor twisted body which had never walked nor run, and which belied, in its shrunken size, its owner's seventeen struggling years. It was neither his face nor his form that made Jimmie unforgettable, and and which drew everyone to him so strongly. It was his voice. I will not attempt to describe it. I will not even call it wonderful. It would be running a great risk to say even that his voice, set in a finer case, would have made Jimmie famous. I only know that in our little town it made him loved. Whether he spoke or sang, it was always the same sweet-toned organ, to which the only appropriate adjective was "Jimmie's."

The peculiar thing about it was that it made you have such unbounded confidence in him. It was impossible to distrust the owner of that voice, even if it had not been backed up by those clear, open eyes of his.

So it was that the world-foolish, but heart-wise little cripple became to us a sort of Delphic Oracle, to which came everyone who needed help or advice or a bit of good cheer.

Simple country girls would come to him with their bashful love tales—as if Jimmie knew anything of *that!*—and always seemed to go away comforted.

Dashing young clerks from the stores romanced to those sympathetic ears, and found their hearts—hidden though they were beneath paste diamonds and flashy vests—beating more warmly from the touch of that sympathetic voice.

Horny old farmers discoursed to Jimmie on crops and weather till their jolly faces shone. Little boys told him the passion of their youthful conflicts, and straightway the storm in their troubled breasts was lulled. Wee tots consulted the oracle as to the fate of precious limbless dolls, and were satisfied by its sybilistic utterances. Motherly women who could scold roundly over the fence at irritating neighbors, liked to "look in" on Jimmie, and never looked out again without a comfortable expression of peace on their hearty faces.

Nor was the sway of our oracle limited to the lower ranks of society. It extended to the very pinnacle of the "Upper Ten." The Young Ladies' Charitable Society had an unheard-of way of turning up at "Jimmie's" in the most un-"charitable" and friendly fashion, singly or doubly, and quite outside of "special seasons," while the few young men of mode who honored the place,—college or business men,—had an absurdly sheepish way of unconsciously walking down the street that led from Jimmie's room, as if they had been merely taking a stroll; not that they were afraid of being called his friends (to strangers they were his sturdiest champions), but then there *are* things in this world that one prefers to do invisibly. As to the ministers—one of them told me once that there was no source on earth from which he drew quite so much comfort as Jimmie; and the president of our only bank, as hard a man as his own safes, had been known—but this is tradition—to consult Jimmie on matters of finance; certainly the president's carriage often took Jimmie for breaths of the woodlands.

I do not mean to imply that Jimmie was a saint; he had his weaknesses, and even his faults. But, explain it as you will—and what good it would do to try I do not see—his voice, which was an echo of his soul perhaps, had captivated all of us, and he was our oracle.

Perhaps you may think this too much of an introduction, but I had to draw Jimmie to you before I could feel your sympathy in the part of my story which I do not like to dwell on,—for Jimmie is not our oracle now.

Politics ran high in our little town, as politics will at certain times in the dearest of places. This year the local fight was hotter than usual, and very bitter feelings were aroused on both sides. Even Jimmie was almost forgotten—at least by all but the lovelorn maidens—and there were threats of violence. The last night came and rival meetings were held, to be followed by rival parades. Trouble was in the air. The town had three policemen—one and a half to guard each party, and to preserve the peace. The meet-

ings ended in a whirl of noisy excitement, and the two parades—or rather, mobs—moved by irresistible impulse toward each other.

No one knew just how it began, but there it was, a struggling madness of fighting, cursing beings, who had lately been men. Occasionally something flew through the air and there was an ominous thud, but the battle only raged hotter, and nobody among the partisan crowd which swayed about the battle, much less among the fiendish fighters, noticed a window go up, and a thin, frightened face peer out on the wild scene.

Suddenly a clear, sweet voice—the voice that every man, woman and child among us knew so well—rang out above the tumult: “Oh, dear friends, please don’t—.” Crash! And over all the angry, disheveled, curious faces that had instinctively turned up at the sound of those sweet tones, swept a look of horror and rage and sorrow indescribably swiftly. From that moment our Oracle was dumb!

There was no more fighting that night. Only shame-faced looks, and eager waiting and tears—among the weak women folk. But the morning brought no hope, and the election passed like a funeral, and presently a certain piece of news spread in an awe-stricken wave, sweeping up to the bank president’s house and down to the latest little three-year-old in “Darkeytown.”

And now, though several years have passed, the name of “Jimmie,” whom the college men called our Oracle, is still a byword on the lips and a charm on the hearts of all of us.

*C. B. Newton.*

**JERRY.**—There is something about the vicinity of Madison Square which is peculiarly characteristic of New York life. The massive buildings at the intersection of those two great thoroughfares look down upon a scene of ceaseless bustle and activity. Day and night the streams of hurry-

ing, jostling humanity flow hither and thither, carrying with them the resident of Fifth avenue as well as the poorest laborer. The rumbling of stages, the clatter of carriages, the shouts of the car-drivers—all add to the bewildering roar which forever goes up from the busy city, echoing and re-echoing from the tall building and is lost again, no one knows where.

One cold and clear morning last winter, a young physician, Van Twiller by name, was hurrying across the Square from the direction of the Garden. His usually calm face looked worried, as if something was weighing upon his mind. So oblivious was he to what was going on around him, that he nearly fell over a small boy who dashed across his path on roller skates. Van Twiller reached viciously for the offender who wriggled out of the way, and then with an exclamation half angry, half provoked at being bothered by such a trifle, he continued his way toward the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Maybe it was the little incident in the Square which had driven away his blues; maybe it was the cold and bracing morning air—but young Van Twiller didn't know. At any rate his face lit up as he reached the corner of Twenty-third street by the *Herald* office. And as he stopped to buy his paper from the little cripple in the rolling chair, he spoke a few kind words to him, and throwing down a quarter with a "keep the change, Jerry," he nodded gaily and kept on his way down the avenue.

Jerry followed him with his eyes till he disappeared in the crowd, and then turning to a big, good-natured policeman near by, he pointed in the direction the young man had gone: "Say, Dennis, that's the one I mean. He gave me a present last Christmas, but I guess he thought I was about twelve years old. They don't seem to understand," he said, pointing to the hurrying crowd, and his voice faltered as he spoke, "that I'm most eighteen. I guess, being as I'm lame, they can't understand it. Anyhow, I like *that* man. He's always so cheerful," and Jerry gave a little sigh as he wearily settled down in his chair.

Of that hurrying crowd, many cast pitying glances at the little figure in the rolling chair sitting before his paper stand, his poor deformed legs rolled up in a blanket and propped upon a camp stool, his well-worn overcoat but scantily covering his frail body, while his thin, pale face was hardly visible under the ragged cap pulled down over his ears—many cast pitying glances at him, but few stopped to buy his papers. And so, winter and summer, mid the rattling of carts, the hoarse shouts of the drivers and the ceaseless throng of human beings, one could see that patient little fellow sitting there. And as the days became colder, and the purchasers fewer, and when the other newsboys were moving about to keep warm, or huddled in corners shielded from the fierce blasts of the wind, he still kept in his place on the corner—so thin, so cold, so tired.

The next morning, as young Van Twiller looked out of his window, the snow was falling fast, filling the corners and crevices of the houses opposite, whirling and eddying about under the strong wind. He dressed slowly, and after breakfast called a cab and drove rapidly down town. He wished he could have walked; indeed, those short morning walks of his made him feel like a new man as he started in on the duties of the day. And then it had grown upon him, that habit of buying his paper from the little cripple, and somehow he felt this morning as if he had left something undone that he should have done. He was at Washington Square now, and as he passed under the arch he noticed how well it matched with its dazzling whiteness the mantle of snow which covered the park in front of him. Everything looked so bleak and dreary about him, and as he thought of Jerry sitting through the storm on that crowded corner he shivered slightly and drew the lap-robe more closely around him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Purchasers were few that day, and Jerry waited somewhat anxiously as the large white-faced clock in front of the hotel pointed to nine. *He* had always come before that. It was

the first morning for weeks that the young man's kind face had not greeted him with a smile as he stopped at the news stand on his way down town. At eleven o'clock Jerry had given up hope of seeing him, and somewhat sadly forced himself to believe he would not see him that day. He was so cold, too, and wet, and altogether uncomfortable. As the afternoon dragged slowly along he cast frequent glances at the tall clock, and wished it would hurry and point to six. Soon after that hour a poor woman, thinly clad, pushed her way through the crowd toward him. Jerry's face lit up wearily. "Tired, boy?" she said. "Yes, 'um. I feel kind o' sick, too. I thought you wuz never comin'." She packed up the remaining papers and wheeled him over toward the west side of the town. The lights became fewer and the streets more deserted as they continued their way. The snow was falling faster now, and it was with difficulty that she could push through the deepening drifts. Once or twice she imagined she heard a heavy sigh from the depths of the rolling chair, but she thought it was only the wind. At last she stopped before a wretched tenement. She carried him up the long, dark flights of stairs, stopping now and then in the dim hallways to regain her breath, and in their miserable room she laid him tenderly on the bed. Poor Jerry! The long exposure to the cold and wet had told heavily on him. And as his mother told his friend, the policeman, who stopped in to see how he was getting along, "He's that bad, Dennis, that he needs a doctor, sure. The Lord knows where I'll get the money." And the poor woman burst into tears.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun shone fiercely down the next day, and was reflected by the glittering drifts in the Square. As young Van Twiller passed the hotel and came to the corner, he missed the familiar face which had daily greeted him. It was the first time this had happened. But the policeman was there, watching two elderly women frantically dodging the passing vehicles in their efforts to cross the avenue. He

was evidently on the lookout for some one. When he saw the young physician he advanced hurriedly to meet him, and to his anxious questions, said something about "Very sick, sir"; "Yes, sir; Twenty-fourth street, West side," and the next instant saw Van Twiller hail a cab, jump in and dash off across town. When he arrived at the mean and humble tenement in which Jerry lived he hurriedly alighted, and inquiring his way of a man lounging in the doorway, stumbled hurriedly up the four flights of steep and gloomy stairs to Jerry's room. While he paused on the landing in the darkness outside the door to recover his breath, as his eyes became accustomed to the obscurity he saw hanging on the knob a long black ribbon. He turned softly and went slowly down the stairs out into the bright and glad sunshine.

N. L. M.

### THE DREAM GHOST.

In the silent midnight hush,  
When the echoes dream and die,  
And the waters swiftly rush  
Where the shadows sleeping lie;  
When the air is damp and balm  
With the fragrant lilies' breath,  
And the dew falls soft and calm  
Like the clammy hand of death,  
From the graveyard's ghoully place  
Flits a figure to my bed,  
With a stern and awful face,  
The dread face of one long dead.  
There, until the day to greet  
Loud the cock his clarion blows,  
Sits the phantom at my feet;  
There it fades and slowly goes  
Down the steep and winding stair,  
That softly creaks beneath its tread,  
Out into the open air,  
Back to the haunts of the dead.

H. G. Murray.



## EDITORIAL.

THE following board from the class of Ninety-four will conduct the LIT. during the ensuing year: Editors, C. Waldo Cherry, George H. Forsyth, Theodore F. Humphrey, Paul B. Jenkins, Edward J. Patterson. Managing Editor, B. W. McCready Sykes.

SUBSCRIBERS will confer a favor by paying their subscriptions for the current volume as soon as possible, so as to avoid delay in closing our accounts. They may be paid to any of the editors or to Lee Montgomery, Treas., E. University.

WE feel like voluntarily expressing our public thanks to our printers, Messrs. MacCrellish & Quigley, for their satisfactory work. They have been prompt and careful in the execution of their duties, and in their business relations have been most courteous and obliging.

## LOOKING BACKWARD.

WORK which affords real pleasure is hard to leave, even though its burden has been at times so heavy as to almost eclipse the pleasure. In saying good-bye to our work on the LIT. we cannot but feel that we are parting with an old friend; one, to be sure, whose exactions have often taxed our utmost strength and whose demands have overreached our capabilities, but one whose service has been a pleasant one and worthy of any sacrifice. There is little to be said on the subject. We have made no innovations, but have worked with the aim in view which we outlined in our opening issue, and our counsel to our successors is

not to attempt anything startling or radical, but to make their ideal the constant improvement of the substance rather than the form of the magazine.

Altogether it has been a pleasant year's work. Our relations with the other college publications have been unusually harmonious. The *Tiger*, of course, has cracked his little jokes, but that is his express function in the world, and his two contemporaries may be proud and thankful that they have furnished such abundant and wholesome food for his Royal Highness' hungry, devouring humor. Bless him, we are only too happy if in our humble way we can help make him the success he is and will be. As for the *Daily Princetonian*, long-suffering bearer of the proud man's contumely, and the fastidious one's contempt—"Amicable" has been the password at each end of Reunion this year, and it requires no stretch of our editorial conscience to say we think the *Princetonian* has passed the best year of her young life. She has spread her wings daily and her work has been fairly accurate and quite indispensable. She has had to endure much thoughtless stricture on her means and methods, and to labor long and faithfully with little thanks except those of a good conscience, but she has triumphantly vindicated herself nevertheless. All of which does not say that she is a literary critic—pray, which of her worst enemies ever accused her of that?

And so we look backward with a lingering remembrance and regret, which makes us wish—but no, our work is finished and we will not weary you further, friends; we will not burden our conscience with more of your time, except as we detain you but a moment to thank you for your attention and encouragement. We commend unto you our successors—they have worked well for their positions, and our greatest comfort in making our exit is the assurance that they will devote their best effort to the care of the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

## A QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE?

IT IS beautiful to see the deference to the opinions of others, and the respect for their feelings, which is often brought out in the most commonplace and unexpected ways. Little was it dreamed, when the Senior class took upon itself a certain resolution at the close of its Junior year, that such a fine trait of character was to be drawn out and developed by this same resolution, and yet such has been the case. For observe the trend of events. In pursuance of the aforesaid resolve, the majority of the members of the class purchased caps and gowns, with the presumable and laudable purpose of wearing them. But when it comes to this final consummation, lo, every man says to himself "not so; it may be that another man, not having a cap and gown, or being constitutionally opposed to any such hypocrisy of dignity, will not wear them, and in consideration of him, I too will refrain." Each one being prompted by such or similar unselfish motives, and resolving in like manner, the result has been a conspicuous paucity of the offending costumes when Sunday chapel time has come, the dearth being broken by one or two thoughtless beings who, by their inconsiderate action, have brought down upon their devoted heads a deserved appellation—the *fruition* of their callousness of heart. If there is not a flavor of nobility in this voluntary surrender of rights on the part of a large body of men, and this unselfish disuse of articles of taste and value from reasons of such high and sensitive regard, then we, for our part, shall cease to find motive in action and unselfishness in motive.

It is rumored abroad, at the time of this present writing, that an attempt is being made to do away with this splendid expression of sensitive manliness, and to brutally force upon the ungowned ones the humiliation of isolated ordinariness. The result will be awaited tremblingly by all lovers of that civilization which takes as its motto, *noblesse oblige*, and if

successful, we can only lay down our pens in despair, and gasp—"What next?"

### THE FUTURE OF THE THANKSGIVING GAME.

**B**ALEFUL rumors come to our ears of an impending danger to the great game which we all love so much, and would be so loth to lose. Not unfounded rumors either, alas! To be plain, we have it on good authority that the Trustees will, in all probability, seriously consider, at their next meeting, the interdiction of the annual football match between Princeton and Yale. The reasons for this we all know. The disgraceful scenes following the game last Thanksgiving day, and attributed, in the vivid accounts of the sensational papers, to the sons of Yale and Princeton, created wide comment of disapproval, and did much to tarnish the reputations of both universities. Notwithstanding the fact that sober-minded men realized that a large proportion of the riot and disorder was due to the "mucker" element, masquerading under college colors, yet the damage to our name remained, and the undeniable fact that students were more or less concerned, cannot but be a strong argument with the gentlemen of the trustees for the discontinuance of the contest.

The question for us to consider is not whether we can argue these gentlemen from their impending purpose—it is very doubtful whether, looking at the matter from a dispassionate and unbiased point of view, they could be constrained to believe black white, as we might wish them to; the real and serious question is, can we or can we not do anything to abate the evil, and so to vindicate the cause of the magnificent sport which we love.

There is no doubt that we can prevent, by a little effort of public sentiment, all the promiscuous drinking which is too prevalent among the college men at the game, and by arraying ourselves on this side we will quickly divorce from

the orange and black the promiscuous crowd who wear the colors only to be in the fast swim. Should Princeton take this stand Yale would undoubtedly follow, and the degrading scenes of past years would be stopped forever. This would not be the curtailment of personal liberty. It would mean simply the restraint of personal thoughtlessness for the sake of Princeton; it would mean conformity to the ordinary standard of gentlemen who stand, not only for their own, but an institution's honor.

All that is necessary is to get it out of a few men's minds that Thanksgiving Day is a time appointed by Heaven for grand riot and carousal. The menace to the great day is too real and too imminent for us to dally with the question and put it off indefinitely. It amounts simply to this: Are we willing, for the sake of the preservation of the game, if for no higher grounds, to undertake a little earnest effort and self-denial, or are we not willing? That is the sum of the whole matter. For even though the Trustees delay action this year, if things go on as they have been, it cannot be long before they will enact the fatal decree. We should think seriously on the matter, and next fall we hope to see the then Senior class leading on to definite steps—steps which shall secure to us the great athletic event of the year, and, far more, shall establish conclusively the good name of Old Nassau.

## GOSSIP.

"The saddest tale we have to tell  
Is when we bid Nassau farewell."

A SUNDAY or so ago a lone Senior took a walk with himself, and had a long, comfortable spell of brooding. It is well, sometimes, to be companionable with oneself, and to find out something of what sort of a fellow one is. Very few of us are acquainted with ourselves. Of course, there are the three in every one: the man you think you are, the man other people think you are, and the man you really are. Quotative young women often fling that at you. It is a hard matter to be intimate with your real self, and it takes an unusual fit of honesty and candor to meet yourself on a square basis. Cynics, or sour-balls, are lonely because of their skepticism concerning others. They associate much with themselves in the unconscious belief that they are the only proper persons, the only people fit to know, in this well-populated universe. It is a fine large egotism.

After all there are not many cynics. Pessimism is unpopular—'tis often the result of inherent unpopularity. But there are billions of egotists. The Senior who strolled across the long sward-stretches in the afternoon sunlight through the Sunday hush, and rested his eyes in the elm shadows, discovered that he was an egotist. But he was not a very rank one. To be a rank egotist in college is a serious matter. It means if a man is an athlete, that he cares more for his personal record than for success for the team, triumph for Princeton. It means that when he makes a safe hit it is a mark of merit on the score-card for him, that the crowd has cheered him, that the girls have seen him do it. It means that to him, instead of meaning that Princeton is nearer to victory. If the rank egotist be what Oxonians call a hard-reading man, and what we stigmatize as "pollers," he works for group and emptiness of that sort instead of for knowledge, for things good to know. If he be a sport, he works for the beer record, at great discomfort to himself and even anguish, and all in order that a Sophomore or two next year may say that Blank, of '9—, used to take more than any other man in college.

The Senior who discovered, while pursuing his loitering way, that he was an egotist, might have found a cheerful consolation in the fact that the discovery that one is an egotist is almost equivalent to annihilation of the egotism.

It was a great walking Sunday. He did not walk out by Evelyn to the Prep. School, that Princeton Mall where gloved, laughing young men pass up and down briskly in groups, chatting, chaffing and now and then reviling the uneven pavement contrived for stumbling; nor did he stroll around the triangle, the historic stamping-ground of other days, nor did

his desultory ambulations take him out toward Rocky Hill, that winding way by mansion and meadow, where one meets men who walk alone or by twos, grave ones who think, with eyes fixed on the dusty road, and fanciful ones who loaf and dream along with redolent briars for companions, and stop every while or two to rest elbows on a fence-rail and gaze wistfully over fragrant fields.

He used no ordinary Sunday walking path, but betook himself slowly to the President's terrace, lingered awhile by the Art building, went down McCosh walk, sat on the sod behind the Chapel, loitered over to Alexander Hall, lingered on Hall steps, gazing absently at the minor canon, and then dreamily crossed to the other side of Dickinson.

He had a dozen moods in an hour and a half, as people sometimes do. Finally he found himself leaning on the ivy mantel of Old North, patting the wall and saying, with affectionate ferocity, "Yes, sir; I've got you now; I've got you now, ole Mister Princeton. It may not be for much longer, but right now you're *mine*. My hands are against your strong old breast, and I'm right with you. I won't have you this time next year, but I've got you now, dern you; *you're mine now*."

Then he went over to Marquand chapel and went to his seat to wait for vesper service. The soft light that drifts down from the great stained glass windows on a Sunday afternoon has something holy about it. The hush of the place makes one reverent, and there is a benediction in the face of the man who was Princeton's president so long, as he stands in his splendid bronze relief. David and Jonathan, with a great, mystic bravery of feature stand above us, and "Worship the Lord" gleams down from the heights. After awhile comes the bell, and then deep chords from the organ swell and grow as the students come trooping in. What a sight to see! What a wonderful scope has nature,—what a range of type! Yonder comes the captain of the nine, laughing, with a friend, the same "curly-headed, sturdy figure" that the newspapers describe all fall and spring. Behind him a great Hall man and prize winner comes fluttering down the aisle, daintily shedding his pretty gloves and settling his tie as he takes his seat; and there comes Higgins, looking nervously about for his seat—he hasn't been here for so long he doesn't feel quite sure where it is.

At our backs, specials share the gallery with visiting girls. Chapel is just right, in the Gossip's opinion, as a song and prayer service, but the voice of an ultra-good minority has been heard and the Faculty have lengthened the vespers rather than bear the charge that they would not give us as much religious advice as we wanted. The Gossip enjoyed the song service entirely. Nothing could make him feel like being a better boy than a chapter and prayer from the Dean and a chance to join in "*Ein Feste Burg*." Prof. Mildner says we are famous for the way we sing that song, and we ought to be.

Ninety-three will be known as the class that reformed examination methods. That is a large, proud claim; still, if we could have worked a



few more reforms we would be happier. If we could only have done away with all the wrong parts of the celebration after the Thanksgiving game, what a mighty good we would have done for Princeton! We must leave that for another class.

The year is closing in on us. The Glee Club is heard no more at evening practice in old Chapel, the Senior singing has commenced, outside University Hall small boys peep in at the finishing touches of the Dramatic Association, the Senior dance is upon us, and best of all, the nine is playing a gorgeous game of ball.

"When we come back," we hope too much will not be changed. We would like to find everything as it is now, but that is impossible. There are some fine-faced old men we hope to see again, though we come ten years from now. One is old John Degnan, another is old Dennis, and another is old Jimmy, the "Cesar Courteous" of "His Majesty, Myself." The "old" applied to them is merely affectionate, as old Jimmy is just in the prime of life, John is a hearty young man and Dennis is precisely in the flower of his youth, all of them good to see the Halls pulled down again on account of age.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE Representative American Novel—is it now on the shelves of our library, or is its creation to be the work of the future? This question is an omnipresent and fruitful subject of discussion in the pages of our magazines. It greets us at the close of every article dealing with American fiction as a whole. It occurs in connection with every new novel published on this side of the Atlantic that lays any pretension to literary merit. Critics who dwell too much in the field of contemporary literature occasionally startle us with opinions or predictions on this interesting topic. Mr. Howells offers us his realistic accounts of the uninteresting manners and conversation of a class of people who seem to have no definite purpose in life. Miss Murfree delights in sketches of the rough mountain life of Tennessee; the Creoles of New Orleans are invested with an air of poetry and romance by Mr. Cable; Miss Wilkins paints in sombre tones the monotonous and sordid life of the New England farms and villages; Bret Harte aims to show that beneath the rough exterior and rougher lives of the Californian miners there still remained sparks of brotherly love. All these writers have succeeded to a greater or less extent in their purposes, and the result of their labors are some distinctively American productions. But the classes whose conditions of life they portray, and from which their characters are drawn, are not average classes and types. They deal with small sections or with transitional modes of life. In the case of Mr. Howells, when he makes an energetic American of the progressive type he clothes him with a certain coarseness or vulgarity of tone that belies or leaves out of account the cultivated tastes of many of our best business men. His intellectual characters are usually cast in the mould of English foppery—lifeless and out of sympathy with the earnest, busy world which flows past their own indolent circle. The great American novel must contain men and women who represent a more decided character and stand on a higher plane of manhood and womanhood.

There have been but two men whose claims to the authorship of the Representative Novel have merited serious consideration. Of course, I refer to Fennimore Cooper and Nathaniel Hawthorne. But no true student of literature will put these novelists in the same class.

Cooper's tales of the Indians, frontiersmen and sailors are picturesque and exciting narratives, but that is all that can be said in their praise. There is about them a certain crudeness both of execution and sentiment. Head and shoulders above all other writers of fiction stands the solitary Hawthorne. The clearness and purity of his style, the carefulness of execution which characterizes his stories as well as his novels, the psychological insight which he displays in his portraiture of the

inner life of his characters, his originality in description of bygone and foreign scenes, all these qualities make every one of his novels a work of art. But his greatest admirers find many things lacking in Hawthorne. We could wish that Hawthorne had mingled a little more in the life of his contemporaries. Over his greatest novel—which up to the present time is the greatest American novel—there is too great a play of shadow. There is a bleak and sombre tone about it, as there is about every novel Hawthorne wrote except the House of the Seven Gables. Even if it is conceded that the gloom of the Scarlet Letter is due to the character of the Puritan life which the author is depicting rather than to a defect of his genius, the result is the same. The Scarlet Letter is not a novel which appeals to the general reader in his ordinary mood. There must needs be a healthier, kindlier life, like that in which George Eliot and Dickens delight. Hawthorne's genius was of a high order, but it was not many-sided.

If our hypothesis be deemed a true one, it leaves open a wide field of conjecture. From what section of the United States will the author of the great work come? What class and condition of our society will he select as his field for description and characterization? Is our national life, as it is at present constituted, sufficiently homogeneous to permit of the selection of any section or any type of character as a representative type? We believe that the Great Novel will remain unwritten until a later stage in our development. Our national life is not yet compacted. All of our cities, even the greatest, have a flavor of provincialism. We are still undecided as to whether Chicago rather than New York is the best place to study the typical American life—if there is a typical American life. Under the circumstances we can afford to await the advent of some future Scott or Thackeray.

### EXCHANGES.

#### TO-MORROW.

At evening as I walked upon the sand  
I saw the gleaming topmasts, tapering high,  
Of some deep-laden ship bound for the land—  
And Night took up the harp that Day laid by.

And I had thought to see within the bar  
Her queenly form at rest when night was gone—  
But still her tall sails, glimmering afar,  
Blushed purple with the first kiss of the dawn.

And all day, on the outer margin, she  
Still lingered with her spars and ropes of lace—  
A phantom vessel on a shoreless sea—  
A smile of hope upon the Future's face.

—*The Southern Collegian.*

## ON A PHOTOGRAPH.

Lady gowned in style so fetching,  
Leaning there with careless grace,  
Like some rare, time-honored etching,  
With your bonny winsome face.

Pertly from your picture smiling,  
Witchery in every glance;  
Your long-lashed eyes demure, beguiling,  
Can deeper pierce than warrior's lance.

In the treacherous glass reflecting  
Image of a maiden fair;  
A flowery wreath the strands connecting  
Of your matchless sun-kissed hair.

Would I had the means of finding  
Access to Pygmalion's art,  
That I might loose the fetters binding  
And to thy picture life impart.

—*Yale Record.*

ON FINDING A SPRAY OF TRAILING ARBUTUS  
PRESSED IN AN OLD BOOK.

One time the withered petals of this bloom  
Glowed like the dawn, and sweet their hearts of dew,  
Pure as the soul of her who hastened through  
The morning winds made glad with Spring's perfume.  
Her fingers closed it here in breathless gloom  
In this quaint book; for many years it grew  
Lifeless and brown, but ere its waxen hue  
Was dimmed, the maid was ready for her tomb.

My soul has hastened through the breezy dawn  
Of youth and zeal; it knew its innate power;  
But noontide shadows swept the darkening lawn,  
Day changed to night in one bewildered hour;  
A lightning flash! its early Love was gone,  
And Hope is now a crushed and withered flower.

—*Amherst Lit.*

## MAGAZINES.

Japan seems to be a country especially attractive to artists. Robert Blum, who has recently returned from that country, has a paper in the April *Scribner's* entitled "An Artist in Japan." "Arts Relating to Women," a sketch of the characteristic costumes of fashionable women during the century 1790-1890, is well illustrated, as is also the description of the famous "Châteaux of Anne of Brittany." The selection of Carlyle Letters, given in this magazine, is different in tone from any that have been published. They give Carlyle's views of his own peculiar temperament. "In Rented Room," is a pathetic sketch by George I. Putnam.

The *Atlantic* has been fortunate in securing some interesting unpublished correspondence of William Hazlitt, Harriet Waters, Preston and

Louise Dodge, who, perhaps, above any women of the day are thoroughly conversant with Italian history, have a long paper on Vittoria Colonna. President Andrews, of Brown, has an article on "Money as an International Question." President Andrews was one of the members of the International Monetary Conference. A. M. Ewell contributes the short story of the number, "Miss Tom and Peepsie."

The April *Popular Science Monthly* opens with an essay by President Jordan, of Leland Stanford, on "Science and the Colleges." He sets forth the absurd weakness of many starveling sectarian colleges, and the advance which science has made in higher education. Dr. Hill, President of Rochester, follows with a suggestive paper on the "Festal Development of Art," taking the ground that the fine arts are modes of expressing the feelings awakened by religion and other potent stimuli of the imagination. Herbert Spencer contributes a paper of scientific interest on the "Inadequacy of Natural Selection."

The April *Arena* contains a strong paper by Hamlin Garland on "The Future of Fiction." Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace writes on "The Wage-Worker, and How he May be Delivered from the Social Quagmire." W. D. McCrackan discusses "How the Initiative and Referendum may be Introduced into our Government." Eva McDonald Valesh appears in a striking paper on "The Tenement House Problem in New York." Rev. Geo. Lorimer writes on "Authority in Christianity," and Mr. Flower discusses at length "The Burning and Lynching of Negroes in the South."

The *North American Review* has as its first article, "Charges at the World's Fair," by Director-General Davis. "How Shall the Pension List be Revised?" is a symposium of a very valuable set of opinions. Naval Constructor Hichborn has a comparison of "Shipbuilding Here and Abroad." "The Interior of the Earth," by George Manville Fenn, is a contribution of much scientific value. "The Financial Situation" is discussed by Mr. Bland, author of the well-known silver bill, and by ex-Secretary Foster, of the Treasury.

"Dorastus," in the April *Cosmopolitan*, is a story of much beauty and pathos. Prof. Boyesen has an article describing the equipments, both material and intellectual, of the University of Chicago. Camille Flammarion, the astronomer-novelist, begins his ambitious story, "Omega; the Last Days of the World." Frank G. Carpenter has an illustrated article on "Lent Among the Mohammedans."

The judge who presided at the trial of the "Chicago Anarchists of 1896," gives in the April *Century* an impartial review of their crime, trial and punishment. Hayden Carruth tells a story of rough Western life entitled, "The Cash Capital of Sunset City." Margaret Fuller, one of the most gifted women of her time, is the subject of a paper by Josephine Lazarna. Mrs. Oliphant has an article on "Princess Anne," in whose illustrious reign England made such marvelous advances in literature. ☐

The *Magazine of Art* has a history of Mr. Tate's great collection in the National Gallery of British Art. Mr. Frith describes the work and methods of Reginald Easton, a miniature painter of great merit. "The Home Life of John Leek" is a short paper on the great artist, describing some of his domestic surroundings.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. BY WILLIAM WINTER. (NEW YORK: MACMILLAN & Co.)

The frontispiece of this little volume shows Mr. Curtis as he looked when William Winter first met him at the home of Longfellow, in Cambridge. "He was a young man, lithe, slender, faultlessly appareled, very handsome. \* \* His complexion was fair. His hair was brown, long and waving. His features were regular and of exquisite refinement. His eyes were blue. His bearing was that of manly freedom and unconventional grace, and yet it was that of absolute dignity. He had the manner of the natural aristocrat—a manner that is born, not made; a manner that is never found except in persons who are self-centered without being selfish; who are intrinsically noble, wholly simple and wholly true."

He has given the career of George William Curtis from the standpoint of a life-long friend. He understood his character and has a just appreciation of the great man. He estimates the character of Mr. Curtis and concludes the address with this tribute: "When we have passed away and have been forgotten, a distant posterity, remembering the illustrious orator, the wise and gentle philosopher, the serene and delicate literary artist, the incorruptible patriot, the supreme gentlemen, will cherish the writings will revere the character and will exult in the splendid tradition of George William Curtis."

The Monody at the close of the address, which was written a short time after his death, is a tribute to the memory of Mr. Curtis. The appendix is a reprint of William Winter's estimate of George William Curtis as it appeared in the *New York Tribune* immediately after his death.

COFFEE AND REPARTÉE. BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. (NEW YORK: HARPER & BROS.)

The breakfast table of Mrs. Smither's boarding-house is the scene of these little conversations. The parties are representative. Mr. Pedagog and Mrs. Whitechoker are there, the Bibliomaniac and the gentleman who occasionally imbibes, Dr. Capsule and, most important of all, the Idiot.

The Idiot is the "autocrat at the breakfast table." He is one of those incorrigible individuals that considers himself an authority on all subjects, who can see the flaw in another's argument and carefully conceal his own mistakes; he makes it a point to take the opposite side in a discussion and invariably comes out ahead. All conspiracies to entrap him are unsuccessful, and he always has the upper hand in the repartee.



The conversations are all on interesting topics and furnish some charming repartee. All of the boarders attack the Idiot, who is an adept in repartee. In course of conversation the Idiot remarks that something is too great a tax on his brain. "Tax on what?" asked the Doctor. He was going to squelch the Idiot. "The brain," replied the latter, not to be squeched, "It's a little thing people think with, Doctor. I advise you to get one." At another turn the Idiot reads a sonnet which the Schoolmaster characterizes as "perfect bosh," and when asked if he intended to publish it replies that it had already been published in the collected works of William Shakespeare.

A romantic element is furnished in the courtship of Mrs. Smithers by the Schoolmaster, or rather Mrs. Smithers' courtship of Mr. Pedagog. The Idiot is very tiresome in his discussions, though he is at times witty and often humorous. He is a very attractive person after all, and as Mr. Pedagog remarks at the close, "He isn't half the idiot that he thinks he is."

THE GENESIS OF ART FORM. BY GEORGE LANNING RAYMOND, L.  
H. D. (G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS: NEW YORK.)

This rather elaborate work is an attempt to discover the sources, the methods and effects of art form in all its branches, Music, Poetry, Painting, Sculpture and Architecture. Prof. Raymond brings to this subject a seemingly inexhaustible store of examples and illustrations from all these departments of art, making a work as interesting as it is instructive. A good example of Prof. Raymond's style may be found in the chapter on "Massing or Breadth." Under this head he grasps all those art effects which are produced by a cumulative climactic arrangement, whether in Poetry, Music or Painting—as an example in Poetry, Henry IV, Pt. II, Act III, Sec. 2, is cited.

"A plague upon them, wherefore should I curse them," etc.

A passage in which both sense and sound contribute in a cumulative way to the general impression. From painting there is Rubens' "Descent from the Cross" and Corregio's "Holy Light," in which the light is so massed upon the central figure that the eye involuntarily seizes upon it as the central thing in the picture. In Architecture the same effect is to be produced by masses of lights and shadows.

The work is intended to be both theoretical and technical, but to us it seems that the latter is given far more importance than the former. The whole discussion is upon such points as "principality," "grouping," "center point, etc." There is no investigation of the art schools, no discussion of Preraphaelitism, Impressionism or other disputed subjects. But as a comparative study of art methods, of art effects, the book is a most interesting one, even to the average reader.

GILES COREY, YEOMAN. BY MARY E. WILKINS. (NEW YORK: HARPER & BROS.)

The scene of this drama is laid in Salem at the time of the witchcraft excitement. Giles Corey is an honest citizen of the town, but is ignorant and superstitious. Martha Corey, his wife, is an intelligent and sensible woman and has no belief in witches. Olive, their daughter, is a pure, sweet girl, as sensible as her mother and as honest as her father. Nancy, a half-witted old woman, and little Phoebe make their home in the Corey household.

Goodwife Corey and Olive are accused of witchcraft by Ann Hutchins, who is jealous of the daughter because she has won the affections of Paul Bayley. This is at the beginning of the persecution of supposed witchcraft, and the two women were brought to trial. Martha Corey is condemned, and afterwards hung; Olive is acquitted, but Giles Corey in trying to protect his wife throws suspicion upon himself. He is imprisoned. Olive's lover, Paul Bayley, tries to get a pardon for him but he fails. The honest yeoman having left all his property to his only child, resolves to remain silent at his trial, so that the will he has made will be legal. Nothing will persuade him to speak in his defense, for he believed that he had brought the trouble on his dead wife by speaking too freely concerning witchcraft, and wished to suffer her fate. At the close of the play Bayley marries Olive, and Giles Corey remains silent till his death.

The character of the yeoman is an admirable one: he is honest, brave, conscientious; he is devoted to his wife's memory, and deeply feels the injustice that he has suffered. Olive is not less interesting. She bears up bravely under her misfortunes, showing herself a true woman. She is noble and unselfish, sensible and frank, and is by far the most attractive character in the drama.

The play is written in six acts and has several dramatic situations, such as the trial scene and the jail scene. It has been acted upon the stage in Boston; and although it has merit in some lines, it leaves an uncanny feeling with the audience.

PRINCETON SERMONS. (NEW YORK: FLEMING W. REVELL CO.)

The sermons of this collection, with the exception of two, were preached in the Princeton Theological Seminary Chapel, in the year 1891-92. The exceptions were due to the desire to include in the volume two sermons preached by the late Drs. C. W. Hodge and C. A. Aiken. President Patton has contributed two sermons, "Religion in College" and "The Letter and the Spirit." These were preached to the students of the college at the opening and close of the academic year. The sermons by Dr. Murray, entitled "Christ a Man of Prayer" and "The Transfiguration of Life by Christ," were preached in the Seminary Chapel. The remainder of the sermons are by Drs. W. H. Green, Paxton, Warfield and Davis.

The sermons of this volume are intended for theological students, and are didactic rather than evangelical; are theological rather than popular. The readers of the book, however, need not be limited to divinity students, for the sermons certainly appeal to a broader circle. They are for those who need building up in the faith; they will deepen religious conviction and give the Christian a firmer grasp on the eternal truths of Christianity. Besides having a large circulation among college and seminary students, the book is deserving of the attention of a large class of general readers.

THE HOLY SPIRIT IN MISSIONS. BY DR. A. J. GORDON. (NEW YORK: FLEMING H. REVELL CO.)

This course of lectures was delivered in April, 1892, at New Brunswick, N. J., before the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church in America. The foundation upon which these discourses are given was provided by Mr. Nathan F. Graves, of Syracuse, N. Y.

The first lecture of the course outlines the programme of the Holy Spirit. The two stages of Gentile redemption are: (1) An elective redemption following the rejection of Israel subsequent to Christ's first advent. (2) A universal redemption following the restoration of Israel in latter days. The words of James are verified by the testimony of Paul in the eleventh chapter of Romans, and Peter in the second of Acts. The next two lectures take up the "Preparation and Administration of the Holy Spirit in Missions."

The wonderful work that has been done by missionaries is indicated in the discourse entitled "The Holy Spirit's Fruits in Missions." In commenting on this the author says: "We know of nothing more inspiring to our faith than simply to listen to the chorus of praise over the triumph of modern missions, as it is sung by men of all schools, Christian and non-Christian alike."

The "Prophecies Concerning Missions" review the attitude of the Church of Rome towards the preaching of Christ. He shows that the decree of infallibility in 1870 marks the most prosperous era in Protestant missions in Papal lands which Christendom has yet witnessed. The last lecture is called "The Holy Spirit's Present Help in Missions." He sums up the helps of the Holy Spirit, as given in Romans VIII., under seven heads: (1) Freedom in Service, vs. 2; (2) Strength in Service, vs. 11; (3) Victory Over Sin, vs. 13; (4) Guidance in Service, vs. 14; (5) Witness of Sonship, vs. 16; (6) Assistance in Service, vs. 26; (7) Assistance in Prayer is promised close connection with Assistance in Service, vs. 26.

THE BOOK OF JOB. ARRANGED BY PROF. R. G. MOULTON, PH.D. (NEW YORK: FLEMING H. REVELL CO.)

In his analysis of the Book of Job, the author says that it is a Dramatic Poem Set in a Frame of Epic Narrative. Its subject is the

Mystery of Human Suffering. The story opens in the form of an epic, which is carried through two chapters. This frame contributes the first solution of the mystery: Suffering presented as God's test of goodness, the test being the severer as the goodness is sound enough to stand it.

There are seven acts to the Dramatic Poem. They are indicated thus: (1) Job's Curse; (2) The First Cycle of Speeches; (3) The Second Cycle of Speeches; (4) the Third Cycle of Speeches; (5) Job's Indication; (6) The Interposition of Elihu; (7) The Divine Intervention.

The second solution is: The very righteousness of God is involved in the doctrine that all suffering is a judgment upon sin. The third solution of the mystery: Suffering is one of God's voices, by which He warns and restores men. The fourth solution of the problem: The whole Universe is an unfathomed mystery, and the good in it is just as mysterious as the evil.

At Chapter XLII, verse 7, the epic part of the poem resumes and furnishes the fifth solution: That the strong faith of Job, which could even reproach God as a friend reproaches a friend, was more acceptable to him than the servile adoration which sought to twist the truth in order to magnify God.

ANALYTICS OF LITERATURE. BY PROF. L. A. SHERMAN. (BOSTON: GINN & Co.)

"Literature in its potentiality is," according to the author, "the most powerful instrument known or devised by society for transmitting, as its best inheritance to each new generation, the treasured choicest thought and feeling of the ages before. Without its aid civilization would go about in a circle with no advance; with its assistance no time is wasted in learning over again old knowledge, in rediscovering old truths or in relearning by experience."

With this conception of literature, he analyzes it, seeking to make it attractive to those who have no natural taste for it, and to direct others into a higher appreciation of literary work. In speaking of criticism the author says: "There is no desire or expectation to render the art of criticism a popular accomplishment, but to recognize and distinguish objective from its subjective aspects. The first judgments of an expert critic depend on observation, often unconscious, of certain outer and material characteristics. The commonest student can be taught to do this much through proper comprehension of first principles. He may never tread the higher walks of subjective criticism—though he may do even that—but he will, at least, appreciate the work of those who render this rare service, and his culture will be vastly enriched and broadened withal."

This book is meant to direct the student in this subject. Each chapter is an outline of his method, and needs to be filled by the thoughts and experience of the student and by the explanation of the teacher.

Each thought must be taken up by the student, and "must be diligently and thoroughly worked out by a personal solution." It cannot simply be studied and recited from memory, but must be used as a working basis of literary research.

The method used in this book is what the author calls objective. It indicates the laboratory work that may be done in literature, and the experiments are as exact as those in Physics and Chemistry. He strives to have the student get the units of literature and that each one shall use his own literary crucibles and retorts in gathering his knowledge of literature. The book outline indicates a vast amount of work—several chapters of it would make a year's work for the ordinary student. The method, if used as indicated, will be successful in developing thorough students of literature.

OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF DOGMA. BY DR. ADOLPH HARNACK. TRANSLATED BY PROFESSOR EDWIN KNOX MITCHELL, M. A. (NEW YORK: FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY.)

For years Dr. Harnack, of University of Berlin, has stood in the front rank of Church historians, his works, some of them, being accepted as standard text-books in many theological seminaries. His latest work, the "History of Dogma," maintains the same high standard of his former works, and is admirably adapted not only for a text-book for students, but for a popular and comprehensive history of the creeds of Christendom. The creeds of the Christian Church are to-day a subject of much discussion and special study. In their history, the history of the Church may be said to be bound up. Only by a study of the rise and development of dogma can the historical developments of Christianity be understood. Dr. Harnack begins with the first apostolic declarations concerning Christ, traces carefully the results of contact with the Hellenic schools of thought, notes the effect upon Christian doctrine of the political changes during the ages, and conveys a clear understanding of the great historical controversies down to the days of Luther, out of which were gradually evolved the various creeds and formulas that give character to the different sects of to-day. In his Prolegomena, the author, commenting on these developments of history, says: "But the history of dogma testifies also to the unity and continuity of the Christian faith in the progress of its history, in so far as it proves that certain fundamental ideas of the Gospel have never been lost, and have defied all attacks"—a fact on which it is impossible to lay too much emphasis in these days of creed revisions and "revised versions." The work is conveniently subdivided, each subdivision being preceded by a brief and masterly historical survey of the period considered.

The book is printed in large type and has marginal index notes on nearly all of the pages, which, together with a practical table of contents, furnishes ample facilities for ready reference.

**FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN HISTORY.** By PROF. J. H. PATTON, PH.D. TWO VOLS. (NEW YORK: FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT.)

This work is introduced by Emerson's essay on "Selected Historic Forces," which does not appear in his works, but was written for the publishers of this history as an introduction to their "Hundred Greatest Men of History." It prepares the reader to appreciate the greatness of our American heroes. The author of the "Beacon Lights of History," John Lord, gives a sketch of the history of America, telling its greatness and indicating the dangers that threaten its prosperity.

The history of the past four hundred years has been condensed by the author into these two volumes. It is not intended to be exhaustive or elaborate, but a simple, concise narrative of American history. He simply gives the facts, and the reader must make his own generalizations from these facts. He has sought only to outline the development of those forces that have built up our nation and now hold it together.

In commenting upon this history, President Francis L. Patton remarks:

"The writer has done his work well. The style is easy, and the book is written in the form of a continuous narrative. The author has consulted original authorities, but he makes no parade of the fact in cumbersome foot-notes. And what is particularly gratifying, he does ample justice to the religious elements that enter into the making of the American people. Anyone can satisfy himself on this point by reading what he has to say concerning the effect of the Reformation on American history, the Huguenots, John Eliot, the Pilgrim Fathers and Jonathan Edwards. \* \* We hope that Mr. Patton's work will have a place in many Christian homes."

In summing up the progress of our country, the author says:

"We inherit the English language and its glorious associations—the language of a free Gospel, free speech and a free press. Its literature, imbued with the principles of liberty, civil and religious, and of correct morals, belongs to us. \* \* The ultimate success of this government and the stability of its institutions, its progress in all that can make a nation honored, depend upon its adherence to the principles of truth and righteousness. Let the part we are to perform in the world be not the subjugation of others to our sway by physical force, but the nobler destiny to subdue by the influence and the diffusion of a Christianized civilization."

**THE STORY OF MALTA.** By MATURIN M. BALLOU. (NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

The author in his preface to this volume, in speaking of the interest there is in the island of Malta, says:

"Specialists, students of antiquity, geologists, and lovers of the early development of art, together with many others, visit Malta to avail them-



selves of its rare old library; to view the mouldering monument of a commercial people who lived here three thousand years ago; to examine the peculiar geological strata of the island; to study its quaint examples of statuary, tapestry and paintings; to collect skeletons and bones of extinct races of animals, still to be found in the spacious caves and beneath the surface of the ground. The average tourist has not been attracted hither, and little realizes the pleasurable experiences which await the intelligent and observant visitor."

The book is written in order to give the tourist a just appreciation of the history of the island; its scenery, its inhabitants and their customs. The author states the secret of appreciation as follows:

"It is only as regards its great antiquity that one would contrast Malta with our own country. What we are most deficient in is a back-ground in America—a back-ground to our natural scenery, which in itself is hardly equalled and nowhere excelled. By this word 'back-ground' we mean the charm of far-reaching history, legend, classic story and memories of bygone ages. \* \* Crumbling ruins are milestones, as it were, on the road of time. What region would not become interesting to an appreciative observer under such circumstances?"

The author has succeeded in condensing the history of Malta, and has cited only those facts that are of the most value in forming an estimate of its historical importance. The inhabitants of the island are interesting in themselves, and we get an excellent glimpse of them in the author's description. He is most appreciative of Maltese scenery; the old ruins, the picturesque towns and natural beauties are brought before the reader.

LOUIS AGASSIZ. BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER, LL. D. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

Charles Darwin once said to the poet Longfellow: "What a set of men you have at Harvard! Both our universities put together cannot furnish the like. Why, there is Agassiz—he counts for three."

The naturalist Agassiz, though he could not be called an evolutionist, prepared the way for belief in evolution. He contended for the *substitution* of species and not for *transmutation*. Darwin was the champion of the pure evolution theory, but Agassiz said that he did not see how Darwin could reconcile his religious belief with his science. He always insisted upon a development from a lower to a higher—from a simpler to a more complex, from a general to a special—by a process of differentiation. These are the broad conceptions of evolution, and differ from the modern view in that Agassiz put above all a transcendent power, while, according to Darwin, it follows a natural development.

The parts of the book of especial interest are his glacial investigation, his relation to Humboldt, his travel in South America and his religious belief. The book concludes with a sketch of the Agassiz Association and a history of Agassiz Memorials. In the latter are memorial ad-



dresses by George Davidson, Prof. D. C. Gillman, Prof. Joseph Le Conte, E. C. Stearns, Rev. Horatio Stebbins, President Garfield and Rev. R. C. Watterson.

The work will be of interest, both to the scientist and the general reader. The chapter on "Agassiz and his Works," and the bibliography, will interest the former, while the latter will be charmed with the naturalist's personal character and the influence he has had upon present-day science.

TOOLS AND THE MAN. BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN. NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.

By the bequest of Rev. Adin Bullou, of Hopedale, Mass., a Lectureship in Practical Christian Sociology was established in Meadville Theological School. The volume before us contains the first course of lectures upon that foundation.

The end of Christianity is two-fold: a perfect man in a perfect society. In order to meet the ideal prevailing social sentiments must be Christianized, social themes must be reformed and make themselves potent in the formation of custom and information of Christian institutions, and last of all, this influence will extend to the State. Having laid these ideas before the reader in the first lecture, the author takes up more specific questions in the remainder of the course.

He shows the interrelation of economics and Christian ethics. He says in this connection: "Economics without ethics is a mutilated science—the play of Hamlet without Hamlet. It is the work of the Christian moralist to bring together and hold together firmly, in all his teaching, what God has joined together, and what men have so long been trying to hold asunder."

Lectures III and IV are entitled "Property in Land" and "Property in General." In his lecture on the labor question the author refutes the position taken by Karl Marx and the Socialists, showing that labor is not the only producer of wealth, and that there must be an intelligent and skillful organization and direction of labor. The evils of competition are shown in the sixth lecture. He says we must make industrial duelling as infamous as any other sort of duelling, and must create a public opinion against the kindling of strife that cripples industry, breeds pauperism and scatters broadcast the seeds of enmity and scorn.

The author conceives coöperation as the logic of Christianity; in support of this he says that the great law-giver of Israel teaches that employers and working men are members of one family, vitally and undissolubly bound together, and that controversy is injurious and unnatural; Christianity teaches that the employer and employed are not only brethren, but that they are also partners in business. Industry must be reorganized on that basis.

The final lectures are on scientific and Christian socialism. In this connection he says: "It will be of little avail to reorganize our industries

if we cannot secure a more unselfish spirit in employers and employes; arbitration will fail unless love of justice can prevail over the greed of gain; industrial partnership will come to naught where the egotism of the old regime remains unsubdued; coöperation will never thrive until the coöperative spirit and habit have found root in lives of men."

THE SILVER SITUATION. By B. TAUSSIG, LL. B., PH. D. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

In this monograph the author discusses the economic aspects of the silver question, and the merits of legislation on the subject. The most important topic under the economic aspects is the history of silver coinage in the United States. He divides this history into four periods, commencing with 1878, and ending in January, 1893. These periods are indicated by a chart showing the total silver currency authorized, total silver currency in circulation, including silver dollars, certificates and treasury notes, the silver dollars (coins) in circulation, and the net gold held by the treasury. The period 1878-1884 includes the result of the legislation of 1878. In the following two years the silver circulation ceases to grow, and the policy of the treasury was not to push silver certificates into circulation where they were not wanted, and to get more silver dollars into circulation. The third period, 1886-1890, makes a decline in bank note circulation, and a revival in business. The last phase of the silver situation is indicated by the Act of 1890. This act provides that the Secretary of the Treasury shall purchase each month, at the market price, four and a half million ounces of silver bullion. In payment it shall issue treasury notes of the United States, which are direct legal tender for all debts, and are redeemable either in gold or silver.

General conclusions are drawn from the history of the silver legislation, and the probable future is discussed, especially in regard to free coinage.

The argument for silver is presented in the second part. This is discussed under five heads: (1) The Bimetallist Argument; (2) The Effects of Improvements in Production; (3) The Case of the Farmer; (4) Silver and Gold as Standards of Value; (5) The Expansion of the Currency.

In discussing the *morale* of the silver agitation, the author remarks that the agitation is born of restlessness and ignorance. "Whenever an era of real or apparent depression sets in, \* \* the most common panacea is the increase of the currency, and the silver agitation is only one form of the resort to this panacea. No lesson just now is more important for American Democracy than that stability is the first quality needed in the medium of exchange, and that only harm can result from experimenting with it and looking to changes in it for the cure of real or fancied evils."

THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF LABOR. BY E. R. L. GOULD, Ph.D.  
(BALTIMORE: JOHNS HOPKINS PRESS.)

In 1888 Congress instructed the Department of Labor to investigate comprehensively and on a comparative basis the salient facts of industrial competition. This investigation has been taken up, and has been pursued along non-partisan lines, the Department making their aim to arrive at the facts. The author has taken these statistics and made them a basis of ascertaining the actual and comparative condition of the laboring classes. The tables show the family expenses of iron-workers and coal-miners. He takes up such facts as the expenditure of drink in relation to the expenditure for rent; prices of food in America and Europe compared, and savings. He compares the condition of laborers in their native country to their condition in this country.

Prof. Gould arrives at the conclusion that higher daily wages in America do not mean a correspondingly enhanced labor cost to the manufacturer. The explanation of this is in the great efficiency of the American laboring man. "We should give the principal credit of the higher wages in America neither to the manufacturer, the tariff, nor any other agency, but the working man himself, who will not labor for less than will enable him to live on a high social plane."

CAUSES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. BY JAMES A. WOODBURN, Ph.D. (BALTIMORE: THE JOHNS HOPKINS PRESS.)

In this lecture the author has reviewed the final and efficient causes of the revolution. He begins by giving the importance of this revolution in political history and follows that with an account of the situation in Europe, with especial reference to the attitude of France and England towards America. After defining the character of the colonies, the author considers the indirect causes of the Revolution. (1) The attempt of royal governors at arbitrary rule in America and the contest and irritation arising over the question of royal prerogative. (2) The commercial restriction by the English navigation Acts and Laws of Trade, together with their effects upon colonial interests.

The direct causes of the revolution are next discussed. "Taxation without Representation" and the "Stamp Act" are assigned as these causes. Under the latter head, after a history of American colonial taxation, the author shows the inconsistency of the colonists on the Stamp Act question, viz.: "To admit that Parliament was a supreme imperial body for all matters except taxation. To deny the fundamental sovereign power of taxation would lead inevitably to a denial of all sovereign power. Soon the Americans would deny the constitutional right of Parliament to legislate for the colonies—a prediction justified by the sequel."

He concludes with the repeal of the Stamp Act, the passage of the Declaration Act and the four Intolerable Acts. The last paragraph

makes a reference to the underlying moral causes of the Revolution. "Streams of influence, found in religious and political life, conveyed toward the American Revolution and from all the Puritan and Protestant countries of Europe, from the republican institutions and usage of the Netherlands, from the Calvinists and Huguenots of Switzerland and France, from the Presbyterians of the Scotch Irish, as well as from the dissenting religionists of all classes in England."

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MEANING AND METHOD OF LIFE. BY GEORGE M. GOULD, A. M., M. D. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

PHILOSOPHY OF INDIVIDUALITY. BY A. B. BLACKWELL. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

SON OF MAN. BY CELESTIA ROOT LANG. (BOSTON: ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY.)

MADAME SAPPHIRA. BY EDGAR SALTUS. (CHICAGO: F. T. NEELY.)

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